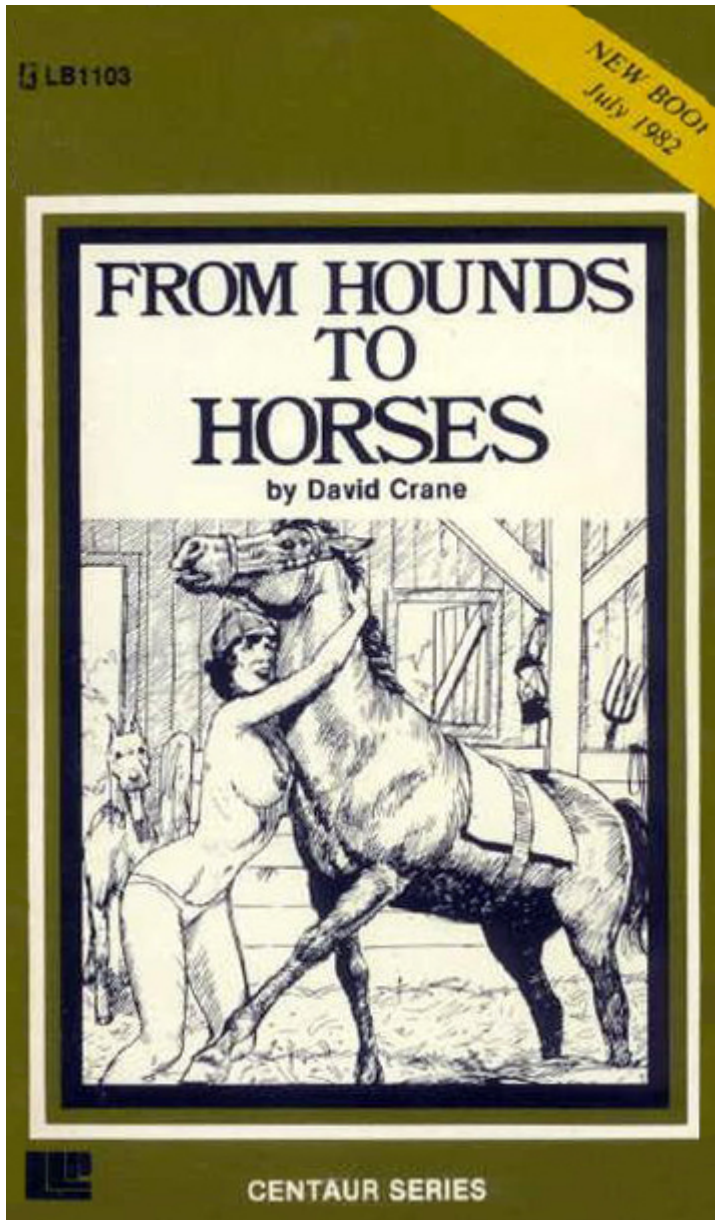


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FOREWORD

The word "normal" is a frequently used term, but it is a word that has an extremely elusive meaning. The same can be said for the word "perverse". What those two words imply seems to vary from country to country, from community to community, from person to person.

In one African tribe it is considered obscene to expose one's back to others. In certain Eskimo cultures it is the height of hospitality for a man to offer his wife to a respected guest.

Angela Trammel appears, outwardly, at least, to be an average American woman. Yet, behind closed doors, Angela behaves in ways that many others would consider abnormal and perverse, for her strong sex drive leads her to choose many partners, which our society considers taboo. But at the same time, this young woman demonstrates a strength and courage, and a love for her fellow human beings, which many of us could envy.

FROM HOUNDS TO HORSES—a story of interest to any who hope to find and define their own standards of correct behavior.

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## **CHAPTER ONE**

The fucked-out blonde was still in bed beside him when Larry Miller woke up in the morning. He turned quietly over and looked at her. Larry lived alone and, although he fucked his fair share of women, they didn't usually stay all night. Larry liked his privacy—one of the reasons why he had never married—and as a rule he liked to get the girl fucked and get her in a taxi, and sleep alone.

But this blonde was really something.

Larry was glad she had stayed.

What the hell was her name? Christ, you can't go forgetting a girl's name after she puts out for you, he told himself. Let's see—Laura! Yeah, that's it. Laura Cooper.

She was beautiful.

Larry was surprised that he had seduced her so easily. Or had she seduced him, in fact? Anyhow, they had just met, by chance, the afternoon before. Larry had been exercising his dog, Thor, in the park.

Thor was a massive Great Dane, too big to be kept in Larry's bachelor apartment, really, and a lot of trouble—but worth it, for he was a fine dog.

And having a dog was good for attracting girls, too. Larry had to admit to that secondary motive. If a guy was on his own, girls tended to be cool and distant, but if he had a dog with him it always provided a topic of conversation, an ice breaker that often led to better acquaintance.

The park was near the state office buildings and a lot of the girls who worked there brought their lunch to the park, so the place was something of a pussy hunter's paradise.

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The day before, he had noticed Laura sitting on the rail on the old arched stone bridge that spanned the stream. Her legs had been crossed, showing an expanse of splendid thigh. Larry had been on the bank of the stream and he had looked up from there, studying the blonde and wondering if she might be friendly. He didn't really fancy his chances much. She was far too lovely and desirable to be easily available, he figured. A girl like that must have a man—or several men, more likely—and would probably not be receptive to a pick-up in the park.

Still, it was worth a try.

Her hair was streaked by the sun so that the color ranged from tawny to platinum and she wore it at shoulder length. Her eyes were jade green and cool looking under the awnings of her long lashes. She had high cheekbones and a wide, sensual mouth—the sort of face that looked aloof and haughty and yet still held promise of fire and passion.

Her body was spectacular.

She was wearing a short white cotton skirt and a silk blouse. Her long, deeply suntanned legs were lithe and shapely and her ass, he could see, was one of those splendid bottoms that was shaped like

a valentine, firm and full globed. Her waist was narrow and her tits were large and thrusting and-Larry had noticed to his delight-it was obvious that she wore no bra, for her taut nipples were pushing twin peaks against the silk. The top buttons of her blouse were undone and her deep, soft cleavage was almost horizontal as her tits stood firmly out. She must sunbathe without a halter, he thought. Her tits were tanned as far down as he could see.

She was smoking a cigarette. Her full lips seemed to caress it.

Larry hunkered down, under the guise of petting the Great Dane, and shot a secretive glance up under her skirt.

He had seen the crotchband of her tiny black bikini panties and, he thought-or at least he liked to think so-a wisp of curly golden pussy hair coiling from the leghole. Yeah! He just had to give it a try!

And it had turned out to be surprisingly easy.

Larry walked the dog across the bridge and when they were near the blonde she smiled and nodded at him and held her hand out to Thor. The big brute thrust his muzzle out and she stroked him behind the ears and petted his broad, intelligent brow.

They started chatting about dogs.

She didn't own a dog, herself, because she lived in an apartment that wouldn't allow pets, she told him-but she would have liked to. Larry agreed that it was difficult keeping an animal, especially such a big one, in the city-but worth it. They talked of fidelity and breeding and intelligence. After a while, they talked of other things.

No, she told him, she was not an office worker and did not have to get back to her job. Why, yes-she would have a drink with him.

They went to a tavern across from the park-a place that allowed dogs to come in, of course-and they had not one drink, but several. They got to know each other superficially.

Larry was enchanted by Laura Cooper. She told him very little about herself and, in fact, seemed something of a mystery woman. This intrigued him all the more. She was twenty-five, she told him, and had been to college-but she didn't say what college it had been. She didn't have a job-but said nothing to let him know how she made a living. She was neither married nor engaged and said nothing about a man in her life.

When Larry asked her back to his place, she hesitated for a moment. She seemed more amused than uncertain, however. Her look was a bit ironic, as if there were things that he didn't know.

But she said yes.

And once they were back at his place, the seduction became a sort of mutual affair, as if they had tacitly acknowledged that they had gone there to fuck. Larry made her a drink and then sat down beside her on the couch. When he slid his arm around her shoulders, Laura turned to him and they kissed, lightly at first, and then grinding their mouths together in shared desire.

Her tongue pushed into his mouth.

Larry, starting to burn with lust, sucked on it.

When she withdrew her tongue from his mouth, his tongue followed it into her mouth and she sucked on it, in turn, driving Larry wild with fuck-lust.

His prick was hard as a stone.

When he put his hand on her tit, Laura made no attempt to stop him and, instead, squirmed against him.

He unbuttoned her blouse.

Her tits were tanned all over, as he had thought, and they were the most perfect set of tits that Larry had ever seen. He felt her up, massaging the unblemished tit globes and pulling at the stiff nipples with his fingers and thumb. She moaned and arched her back, pushing her tits out to his eager caress and squirming on the couch. Larry lowered his head and began to suck her tits.

She cradled his head in her hands, as if holding him where he was, not wanting him to stop.

He ran his tongue all around the smooth slopes of her tits and up the deep, thrusting cleavage, circling back to the taut tips. He took those hard nuggets into his lips and felt them harden as he sucked adoringly on each nipple in turn.

She lowered a hand to his lean thigh, rubbing slowly upwards towards his groin, tantalizing him.

Then she cupped his cock and balls and began to massage his hot cockmeat through his trousers.

“Ooooh-you’re so big,” she purred.

Larry was not falsely modest and knew full well that he had a large prick, but he was nevertheless pleased by her compliment-and thrilled to know that she was the sort of girl who admired and appreciated a big cock.

Up to that point, he had not been sure how far she would want him to go. He was afraid that she might be game for some necking and petting but might not want to fuck on a first date.

After she began rubbing his cock and balls, Larry was no longer worried about that. Still sucking and tonguing her tits, he moved a hand up under her white skirt. Her thighs parted instantly. He could feel her firm leg muscles ripple as his hand moved up her inner thigh.

He touched her crotch.

The crotchband of her bikini panties was soaking wet and the heat of her pussy burned through. She squirmed, working her cunt against his hand the same way that she had worked her tits against his mouth. He slipped his hand inside her panties and began to trace his fingers along her unfurled cunt lips and to flick her swollen, excited clit.

“Wait,” she whispered.

Larry looked up from his tit feast, hoping that she did not mean for him to stop.

But that was the last thing she had in mind.

“I’ll take my panties off,” she said.

She stood up and lifted her skirt, tucking her fingers under the elastic band of her panties and

tugging them down over her lush hips. She kept her skirt up as she did this, to let Larry get a look at her cunt as it came into sight.

Her pubic thicket was luxuriant, the curly hair like a golden filigree spreading out in a decorative wedge at the vee of her legs. She squirmed out of the sodden panties and remained standing for a moment, her skirt raised and her belly thrust forwards, her thighs parted. Larry saw that her pink cunt lips were parted widely, her pussy opened into a slot and that slot filled with cunt juice. Her clit was swollen and tingling. Her wet pussy looked like a milky pool in a sunlit forest, with the juicy fuck hole surrounded by the curly blonde hair.

She let him look at her, smiling down at him.

Then she sat beside him again.

Larry began to suck on her tits and rub her pussy again. Bending his wrist, he pushed his stiff middle finger up her fuck hole. Her cunt was hot and slippery and the muscles tensed, pulling and sucking on his finger. He was delighted to discover that Laura had one of those talented cunts that drag and suck. He could just imagine how that pussy was going to go to work on his big prick when it was stuck up her.

He began using two fingers, then three, finger-fucking her cunt with a steady rhythm while he rubbed his thumb back and forth across her burning clit like a windshield wiper.

She cupped his cock-bulge again.

Then she began to open his fly.

She undid the button of his pants and unbuckled his belt, then started to pull the clasp of his zipper down. She did it teasingly, drawing the zipper up and down, as if not sure that she really wanted to open his fly all the way.

Then she did.

Larry was wearing white cotton briefs and when his pants opened in a wide vee, his prick pushed up, dragging the white cotton with it, so that it was like the ghost of a cock wearing a sheet and rattling the chains of his passion.

She fingered his cockhead through his shorts.

Pre-cum was starting to ooze from the cleft and a dark, moist stain spread out on his briefs.

Laura gave a little sigh.

She dragged his underwear out and down, tucking the band under his balls so that his cock and balls were fully exposed. She rubbed her thumb against the sensitive underside of his cockhead and drew her fingers up the big, meaty prick. She cupped his balls, lifting gently, as if she were trying to judge the weight of the cum-load they contained. Then she wrapped her delicate hand around the root of his cock and began to jack it up and down slowly, her fist skimming his prickmeat.

Larry was still finger-fucking her pussy.

They kissed again, panting into each other's mouth.

He figured that if she kept on stroking his cock, he was going to shoot his wad in her hand. And what

a waste that would be!

He pushed her back along the couch.

He moved up to mount her.

“Let’s go into the bedroom,” she said, for she was obviously a lady who liked to get fucked in comfort.

Larry hoped he had clean sheets on the bed.

They got up from the couch and went into the bedroom together. Laura removed her skirt and then began undressing Larry, her movements deft, a gentleman’s clothing obviously no mystery to her.

Both naked, they lay on the bed, face to face. They kissed again. Her tits pushed against his chest, the hot nipples branding him. Her belly glided over his so that his rampant prick was pushing an elongated hollow into her smooth flesh, and her sleek thighs entwined with his.

Then she rolled onto her back.

Her knees came up and her thighs parted widely.

Larry moved on top of her.

“Ummmm-fuck me,” she sighed.

He grasped his prick by the hilt and guided the bloated cock-knob to her creamy pussy.

He didn’t start to fuck right away.

Holding his cock by the base, he rubbed the tip up and down on her parted cunt slot and over her seething clit, using his cockmeat like a ladle to stir her juicy bowl.

She purred and whimpered, loving it.

“Put it in,” she gasped. “Oh! I want to feel your big prick buried up my cunt!”

That, thought Larry, sounds like a fine idea.

He braced his knees on the bed and drove the full length of his cock up her fuck hole with the first stroke.

Laura cried out with joy.

Larry held the full penetration for a long moment, savoring the feeling of having every inch of his pounding prick buried in a hot pussy, and letting Laura thrill to the sensation of having her cunt hole stuffed to the brim with his hard prickmeat.

She moved first, her hips shifting.

She turned her pelvis so that she was winding her cunt around on his cock like a nut on a bolt.

Her cunt muscles began to work, compressing in a series of rings that ran up his cockshaft from root to knob.

Larry groaned with the wild pleasure of it and began to fuck in and out with long, slow, rippling fuck-strokes. His ass corkscrewed. He pushed his cock in balls deep, then drew out until only the big wedge of the cockhead was in her cunt, paused and slammed in again. She met him stroke for stroke, in counterpoint action. As he fucked the cockmeat in, she fucked her cunt down to meet his lunges, and as he drew out, she rotated her hips, adding torque to the straight in-and-out friction, her pussy pulling on his cock greedily.

He took his weight on his hands and knees.

His head ducked down to lap at her upthrust tits as their loins churned wildly together.

Cunt juice was pouring out of her pussy, pumped out by the big plunger that he was filling her fuck hole with. Her cunt had clamped tightly around his cock, outlining its contours so that there was hot, sliding friction through every inch. Her belly pumped and her hips jolted. His balls swung in like the clapper of a bell, slapping against her grinding ass. He moved his hands down under her thighs and lifted, tilting her crotch up as he fucked into her cunt to the balls.

Laura began to gurgle with ecstasy.

She slipped one hand down between them and gripped him by the balls, squeezing gently, as if she wanted to pump the jism out of him by the pressure. Her other hand moved up and down, stroking his flanks, then she cupped his ass and slipped the tip of her finger into his asshole. She was wailing and panting.

Her thighs clamped around his hips.

Her belly danced madly.

His hot prick was hissing as it fucked in and out of her sodden, smoldering pussy. His prick was like a white-hot bar of iron dipped into a tub, sizzling.

He heard her cry out with wanton abandon.

He felt her cunt melt like a wax candle around the hard wick of his surging prick.

She was creaming, shuddering with spasms of joy.

“Come!” she wailed. “Oh! Come up my cunt! I want to feel your thick, hot jism spurt into me!”

Larry fucked his cock in with a savage thrust and his balls erupted with volcanic fury. His cum sped up the cockshaft and hosed her cunt with a jet of burning lava. He kept humping away, hosing her cunt with spurt after spurt of hot cum while her pussy creamed again and again and her cunt juice blended with his spunk in the depths of her fuck hole.

At long last, he was drained.

He held steady, his prick still in her pussy and still hard, while Laura shifted under him, working off the final spasms of her orgasm and milking out the last drops of her fuck juice.

She smiled up at him.

Larry had never had a fuck as wonderful as that one had been.

He wondered what had made this adorable blonde so horny.



Larry would have been shocked, had he known...

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CHAPTER TWO

Laura was still asleep, her beautiful face in repose on the pillow. Larry gazed at her. There had been no arrangement that she should stay the night. It had just happened-but he was glad that it had.

It had been quite a night.

Laura had been damned near insatiable and Larry, inspired by her passion, had played the satyr to her needs. He had lost track of how many times they had fucked. At least three times before they fell asleep and then, in the middle of the night, she had awakened him for yet another fuck. He had poured the prick to her from the back and sideways, and she had sat on his cock and fucked to a creamy conclusion.

At one stage, Larry had felt his powers failing and his prick starting to flag. But he had gone down on her and sucked her sweet pussy and she had creamed on his tongue, which had been so delightful that his cock had swollen into a brand new hard-on and they had fucked again.

He wondered if she was always that horny. He wondered if she was that way with any man, or if she had lusted for him, in particular.

He liked to think so...

Now he gently drew the sheet down so that he could gaze at her naked body as she slept.

Even in sleep, her nipples were taut and stiff, standing up like little rockets waiting to be launched.

Her thighs were parted.

Her pussy was slippery and open.

Larry's cock, refreshed by his sleep, was hard as a heated crowbar again. Living alone and seldom having a woman stay the night, Larry did not often get a chance to have a morning fuck.

He was looking forward to it now.

He began to finger her clit very gently.

She stirred and her eyelashes fluttered. She appeared to be dreaming.

He took her hand and placed it on his prick. Although she still seemed to be in the land of nod, she began to rub and stroke him, causing his cock to throb. The big purple slab of his cockhead flared out like a hooded cobra.

Her eyelashes fluttered again.

Her jade-green eyes opened and she smiled.

"What a lovely way to wake up," she whispered.

Larry kissed her tenderly.

"I have to go into the office for a little while, but I won't be long-if you'd like to stay?"

She seemed to be considering it.

Then she nodded. "Yes, I'd like that, Larry."

It was going to be awfully nice, he thought, to know that this horny sexpot was waiting in his bed when he returned.

But he didn't have to leave just yet.

He moved his hips, fucking through her fist and letting her see and feel that he was ready to fuck again.

Her hand skimmed up and down his prick.

Larry started to move onto her, but she slid away.

She was smiling impishly at him and the pink tip of her tongue slid across her lower lip.

"Do you know what I feel like now?" she asked.

Larry shook his head.

"I feel like sucking your cock," Laura whispered.

"Oooh! Yeah!"

Like most men, Larry was fond of a blowjob. Laura, despite her wanton passion the night before, had not taken his cock into her mouth and so he had supposed that she was not a cock-sucker. He was more than pleased to find out differently.

"Shall I?" she asked.

Larry tried to say yes.

His vocal cords seemed as taut as his prick and the word would not come out. He groaned and nodded, instead.

Laura was gazing at his prick, still licking her lips, her green eyes glowing with desire.

"I like cock for breakfast," she said.

Her erotic words turned Larry on as much as her touch.

His prick was pounding away like a jackhammer. He felt as if he could have broken concrete with a hard-on like that.

"Your prick looks delicious," she said, giggling softly. "Yummy! What a lovely mouthful. You can shoot your cum in my mouth, Larry-I want you to. I want to swallow your hot jism."

Not only was she an avid cock-sucker, but she was a cum-drinker, as well.

Larry thanked his lucky stars. What a find this girl had been!

She pushed him down on the bed. His stiff cock towered above his belly. It looked like a lighthouse, with the bloated prick-knob glowing like a beacon, warning of the rocky shoals in his balls below. The purple cockhead was shaped like a mushroom.

Laura curled onto her flank beside him.

She leaned down and her tits bobbed over his stomach, like succulent fruit ready to be plucked from the vine. Her long blonde hair swept over his heated groin in a curtain. She pushed the golden cascade aside, so that he could see her face. He stared. She wanted him to watch her mouth as it slipped onto his prick, he knew-and that was a sight that Larry was eager to be looking at.

Laura was smiling, her face poised just above the head of his rampant prick. She glanced sideways at his face to see how he was reacting to the prospect and was pleased to see that Larry was panting, his face a mask of desire.

Laura loved to suck cock.

She did it well, too, she knew-mostly because wanting to do it was the most important thing, more crucial than skill or technique or practice. If a girl enjoyed sucking pricks, she was invariably a talented cock-sucker. Not that Laura did not have technique and experience. Usually, if Laura blew a guy, she expected to get fucked afterwards or, if she had milked him so dry that his cock collapsed, she expected him to return the favor and suck her pussy.

This morning, however, the oversexed blonde had an ulterior motive.

She wanted to make herself horny-and sucking a man off was always certain to achieve that end.

But she didn't want to come.

Not yet-and not with Larry.

Naughty Laura had something else in mind.

Her tongue came out, fluttering above his cock.

Larry groaned and arched his body, pushing his prick up towards her hovering face. It was driving him mad to see her nimble tongue gliding so close to the head of his cock and yet not touching him.

She touched the tip of her tongue to the tip of his cock.

A thrill ran through him, his whole tense body vibrating with the wondrous sensation.

Laura began to lick his cockhead lightly.

Larry shuddered and groaned.

It was almost unbearable. He gritted his teeth and clenched his fists and his jaw clamped tightly as he waited.

Then she began laving his cockhead more thoroughly, her hot tongue sweeping all over the bloated meat. Her saliva trickled down his cockshaft. She licked up and down his prick and lapped at his balls, then returned to the flaring cock-knob and tongued it.

Laura was whimpering with pleasure as the meaty flavor of his prick tingled on her taste buds. Her

warm breath wafted down his cockrod and billowed over his hairy, cum-filled balls.

A thick drop of pre-cum oozed from the cleft and slid slowly and sluggishly down over the cock-knob.

“Ooooooh!” Laura squealed.

She drew back slightly, watching that creamy drop of spunk as it ran down his cockhead and onto the fat, dark-veined stalk. Then she lapped it up, gathering the juicy blob onto her tongue and letting it slip around on her tongue for a moment, savoring the rich taste. She tilted her head and swallowed. It warmed her like a fine cognac.

She smiled at Larry, who was regarding her with awe, impressed by the enthusiasm with which she had sampled his cum.

She began fluttering her tongue quickly against the delta where his cockshaft flared out onto his knob, causing his prick to hum like a tuning fork. Another fat drop of jism oozed out and ran down onto her flicking tongue. Those initial drops were like a powerful appetizer, making the horny blonde hungry for the full dose of his cum.

She kissed the head of his prick.

Then she let her lips slowly part and her head bobbed down as she fed his cock into her mouth.

Larry moaned and gasped at the sensation of her hot lips and flashing tongue. She had taken his big cockhead into her mouth and was sucking on it, gently and softly and steadily. Her cheeks hollowed in and her tongue ran all over the hot mouthful.

She began to bob up and down, taking more and more of his prick into her mouth with each descent.

Her golden hair cascaded around his loins and trailed in silken strands over his swollen balls. Her lips pulled up, almost turning inside out as she sucked voraciously every inch of his long, fat prick. She took the cock-knob right back into her throat. Her nose nestled in his wiry pubic hair and her chin brushed his balls as she went down all the way on him. Then she slowly slurped back up to the prickhead and worked adoringly on that flaring nugget of prickmeat for a moment before she ducked down again, feeding herself on prick with hearty appetite.

Her mouth made moist slurping sounds and she was sighing with contentment, whimpering with joy. She was drooling down his cock. Her saliva poured down his cock as her compressed lips pulled up, then she went down again and sucked the spit back into her mouth.

She had one hand on his balls, the other flat on his belly. She didn't intend to use her hands on him, to add manual stimulation to the oral—she liked to do it all with her mouth, sucking him off rather than jerking him off while she sucked his prick.

Larry was appreciative of her studied and skillful technique.

But he wondered where she had learned to suck cock so well, and how many men she had gone down on.

Although he had no claims on Laura—and certainly none on her past, having only met her the day before—Larry felt a bit jealous of the men she had fucked with before. The very skill that was making it so wonderful for him was making him envious of his predecessors.

Then it began to feel so good that he had no thoughts for anything at all but the building thrill.

She sensed he was nearing the crest.

His balls were swelling up like over-inflated balloons and his cockhead was throbbing in her mouth.

“Come,” she whispered, her mouth still on him, as if she were talking into a meaty microphone. Her words were muffled on his hot cock. “Come for me, Larry—fill my mouth with jism—”

Larry howled. His heels drummed on the bed and his lean legs began to shake. He heaved upward, fucking into her mouth, driving his whole fat prick into her head. His balls burst.

Laura gasped as she suddenly found that her mouth was full of hot, thick cum.

She swallowed quickly.

The cum-load was too much for her to gulp down all at once. Cum overflowed her lips and ran down his prick and down her chin. His cock was still going off, hosing her gullet and whitewashing her tonsils with a steady stream of cum.

Laura gulped and gasped—and kept on sucking.

She milked his prick bone dry.

She bobbed up and down, lips pulling, tongue laving, making sure that she had sucked every precious drop of cum out of his cock and balls. Then she pulled her mouth away from his diminishing cock and used her tongue to gather up the stray drops of jism that had escaped her lips and trickled down his cockshaft onto his balls.

She licked his cock clean.

“Yummy,” she purred. “I love to drink cum.”

She smiled at him with her creamy lips.

Larry was a gentleman, after his fashion.

He always felt obligated to give as good as he got and never to leave a woman unsatisfied. If a girl was kind enough to suck him off, he figured that she deserved to come, as well.

His cock, milked dry, had softened and shrunk—although even semi-hard it was an impressive hunk of cockmeat, looping down his thigh in a great, fat arch, the prick-knob dipping and bobbing.

He rolled over and started to go down on her.

He knew that Laura liked to be eaten out, for she had gone wild on his tongue the night before—and so he was surprised when she shook her head and moved her hairy cunt away from his face.

He raised his eyebrows.

“Later,” she said.

“I’ve got time to suck you off before I go,” he said.

"No, it's not that," she said.

She looked adorable with cum streaking her red lips, he thought. Beguiling and bewitching.

"I want to wait for a while," she said. "I want to get good and hot so that, when you get back, I'll really be desperate for cock. Okay?"

"Well, sure," he agreed, since his balls were empty anyway.

"I'll just stay here in bed—and maybe play with my pussy a bit—but I won't frig myself off. I'll just keep my cunt hot until you get back."

Larry thought it was a wonderful idea.

What a lovely thing to come home to.

But Laura was not exactly telling the truth.

She wasn't going to wait for Larry with her cunt uncreamed.

Laura was going to fuck Larry's dog!

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

Laura Cooper had not fucked a dog in years.

She had been trying to give it up and break the habit. Bestiality had always seemed very naughty, even wicked and depraved, to Laura—and yet that was part of the charm of it. Even when she had been having an affair with a golden retriever, she had felt utterly degenerate. But old habits die hard. And the truth of it was simple—Laura liked dog-cock.

She had fucked her first dog when she was a teenager.

But she was innocent in those days, and had been seduced into the act by an older girl who lived next door. Her name was Wanda Fleming and she was eighteen, with big bouncy tits and a firm, rounded ass. Laura was just beginning to get interested in boys and sex and she enjoyed talking about those subjects with Wanda, who had already lost her virginity and had a sordid reputation at school.

She also had that golden retriever.

If Wanda had had a bulldog, say, or a boxer, Laura might never have succumbed to temptation. But the golden retriever was as handsome as a movie star and as potent as a bull and Wanda, naughty nymph that she was, had been very persuasive.

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One day the two girls had been having a spicy conversation at Wanda's house, talking about various sexual matters, and Wanda had asked Laura if a guy had ever sucked her pussy.

"Gee, no," Laura admitted. "I never even let a boy finger-fuck me, let alone lick me."

They discussed cunt-lapping in some detail and Wanda maintained that having one's cunt sucked was the ultimate thrill. Laura, intrigued, could see the likelihood of it, although she was still an innocent, naive young lady and didn't see any prospects of finding out for herself in the near future.

Wanda had been eyeing her speculatively.

Wanda said: "Sometimes, when I don't have a date, I let my dog lap my pussy."

"What!" cried Laura, shocked.

"Sure-he's got a swell tongue."

"Gee, that's dirty!"

"Sex is supposed to be dirty," said Wanda. "It's a lot more fun if you think it's a sin."

Laura could see the truth of it, because even the thought of Wanda getting tongued by her dog was making her hot.

A naughty gleam had come into Wanda's eyes.

"Want to watch him do it?" she asked.

"Oh!" Laura cried, blushing bright red.

She knew that she should refuse such an offer. But she sure as hell didn't want to. Anyhow, she convinced herself, it wouldn't be really wicked just to watch. Wanda would be doing the wicked thing, and Laura would just be a witness.

So, still blushing, she said: "Okay."

Wanda called the dog which, although he was golden, was named Rusty. He came trotting in eagerly. Wanda, not at all a modest or shy girl, took her jeans and panties off. The dog was watching her, his head cocked to one side. Laura was watching her, too. Wanda's hairy pussy was hot and juicy. She sat on the edge of a chair, her legs extended, and patted her pussy invitingly.

Rusty knew his job.

He trotted over and began to run his long, wet tongue up the girl's sodden, steaming cunt.

Laura was fascinated.

Wanda smiled happily for the first few minutes, then her face became a twisted mask of lust as the thrill began to race through her, and her cunt creamed on the golden retriever's tongue.

"That was lovely," she purred.

Laura thought it had looked like fun, herself-although she would not admit it.

"Now I gotta take care of him," Wanda said.

Laura frowned. Then she saw that the dog had gotten an enormous hard-on while it was lapping Wanda's cunt. The dog's cock was jutting out and the meaty prickhead had slipped from the shaggy sheath and started to drip from the tip, gossamer threads of pre-cum drooling down to the floor. The

sight of that dog-cock thrilled Laura. She had never seen an erect prick before, although a few boys had rubbed hard cocks against her through her jeans.

"It's like a reward, see?" Wanda explained. "You got to give him a treat for doing his trick. That's how you train animals."

She knelt down beside the golden retriever's flank and reached in under his trembling haunches. Taking his prick in her fist, she began to stroke the dog-prick steadily up and down. The dog whimpered and whined. He fucked through Wanda's fist.

He shot a wad of thick jism halfway across the room.

Wanda wiped her hand on a Kleenex.

That was all that happened-that day.

Laura went home and finger-fucked herself to a frazzle, thinking about what had happened. The next day she went right back over to Wanda's, excited and eager.

Wanda was amused at Laura's reaction and, for a while, refused to discuss dogs.

Laura, too timid to bring the subject up, herself, was frustrated.

But then Wanda took pity on the virgin.

"It made you hot, yesterday, didn't it?" she asked.

Laura flushed, but nodded.

"I'll bet you went home and played with your pussy."

"Well-yeah, I guess I did," Laura confessed.

"Too bad you don't have a doggy," Wanda said. "Then you wouldn't have to finger-fuck yourself."

"Oh, I would never let a dog do that to me!" Laura cried.

But even as she made the protest, she realized that it was not true.

So did Wanda, who laughed.

After a while, Wanda brought Rusty in again.

Rusty lapped Wanda's pussy to a froth.

Laura's cunt got hot as a furnace.

Wanda, grinning impishly, said: "Are you sure you don't want some dog-tongue? I don't mind-I mean, I ain't jealous of a fucking dog. But you got to decide before I jerk him off, because he loses interest in licking pussy after he's had his treat."

Laura was torn by indecision.

It was so awfully naughty!



But if she didn't do it, she was going to have to rush home and finger-fuck herself again, and that prospect was not nearly as inviting as the thought of a dog's hot tongue.

Maybe it wasn't really so wicked, she reasoned.

It wasn't as if she were fucking the dog or something truly depraved. She would merely be using his tongue—just as she might have rubbed herself off with a toothbrush or something.

“Well?” asked Wanda.

Laura could not bring herself to say it.

But she nodded.

And so Laura, who was still cherry, found out what it felt like to get her cunt lapped off by a dog.

It was even better than she had expected.

After that first time, Laura called on Wanda—and Rusty—every day. It happened the same way, the next few times. Rusty would tongue Wanda first, then do the job on Laura, after which Wanda gave him his reward in the form of a hand-job.

Then one day Wanda suggested that Laura take care of the hand-job. It wasn't fair that she should have to do all the work, when Laura was getting half the tongue.

Laura had to agree with that.

So she jacked the dog off—and she was amazed at how wonderful it felt to have his fat prick throbbing in her hand, how absolutely thrilling to pump the spunk out of the whimpering brute. After that, although neither Wanda nor Laura said anything about it, Laura took it upon herself to give Rusty his reward each day.

Wanda played it slowly.

Another week of cunt-lapping and jacking off followed before the lewd girl took the next step.

Rusty had already lapped Wanda, and Laura, panties off and legs spread, was eagerly waiting for her turn.

“Why don't you let Rusty fuck you today?” Wanda suggested.

“Fuck me? Never!”

“Why not?”

“I'm a virgin,” Laura protested.

“That don't matter.”

“Well, I sure ain't gonna let a dog have my cherry!”

“Don't be silly. Dogs don't count.”

“Don't they?” asked Laura, surprised.

“Of course not. That’s the beauty of it. A girl can get fucked by a dog as much as she likes—and still be cherry.”

Laura realized that could be a handy arrangement.

Rusty’s big prick always felt so nice in her hand, and she could just imagine what it would feel like fucked up her cunt!

She thought about it. She felt depraved even considering the prospect—yet that feeling of depravity only made her hotter.

“Poor Rusty needs some pussy for a change,” Wanda said. “He’s tired of cuntlapping. If you won’t give him some fucking, I won’t let him give you any more tongue.”

The thought of never again having that golden head working busily away between her legs was unbearable for Laura.

So it came about that Laura got fucked by a dog.

She got down on all fours on the floor, trembling with shame and excitement at the same time. Her pussy was flooded.

Rusty recognized the doggy-fucking position—as was only natural—and he mounted the virgin deftly, his forelegs hooked around her hips and his powerful hindquarters bunched with humping muscle. His first fuckthrusts missed her cunt and his cockhead bounced off her ass and the backs of her thighs, but then Wanda took his prick in hand and guided it up Laura’s fuck hole.

The dog fucked her pussy with gusto.

Laura adored it!

She loved having a fat, iron-hard cock stuffing her cherry pussy and feeling it fucking in and out. And when she felt his hot dog-cum spurt up her cunt she creamed, too, and sobbed with the joy of it.

And she was still a virgin, too... she guessed.

Naturally, once she had acquired the taste for dog-prick, Laura went back for more fucking almost every day. She was hooked on dogcock. She still, felt wicked and depraved about it, but she reasoned that her sins were not multiplied or magnified by repetition.

Then wicked Wanda revealed her ulterior motives...

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CHAPTER FOUR

Laura had gone over to Wanda’s, eager for her daily fucking by the dog, her pussy burning like an ember between her legs. Wanda met her at the front door and invited her in. The dog was nowhere to be seen. They went down to the den in the basement, where most of the dog-fucking had been done.

Laura was aware that Wanda was looking speculatively at her and had several times started to say something, then stopped herself. Laura sat down. She wondered where Rusty was, but she hated to ask. Although she had been fucking the dog steadily, the girl still felt a bit ashamed of it and always

pretended that it was not the specific reason why she had come over—that she had merely stopped by to visit with Wanda and had gotten sidetracked into fucking the dog. So she said nothing, hoping the animal would put in an appearance soon.

Wanda sat facing Laura. She was wearing a short skirt and she sat with her legs apart.

Laura could see that she was not wearing any panties. That was not unusual—but why was she making it so obvious? It was almost as if she wanted Laura to look at her cunt!

“I want to talk to you, Laura,” she said.

“Yes?” Laura said, mystified by the girl’s behavior.

Laura’s eyes kept dropping back to Wanda’s crotch. She blushed when she caught herself staring at the girl’s hot pussy and looked away, but then her gaze drifted back again. Laura was not interested in cunt, certainly. So why was the sight so interesting? She guessed that, when a naked cunt was presented, it was hard not to look at it.

Wanda, her expression cunning now, said: “I’ve been thinking, Laura. It ain’t fair. Rusty is my doggie—and yet you’ve been using his prick more than I have.”

“Oh, gee—I didn’t mean to be selfish,” said Laura, embarrassed by this recrimination. “I-I thought you liked to have me fucking him, Wanda. You didn’t seem to mind.”

“Well, I think it’s time that you started to earn your fun.”

Laura was puzzled. What was Wanda talking about? Did she expect her to take the dog for walks or throw sticks for him? Did she want her to buy half of his dog food or something?

“What do you mean—earn?” she asked.

“Well, I don’t mean to be indelicate about it, but—I mean that I think you ought to suck my cunt!”

Laura was astounded.

She gasped and stared.

She stared, in fact, at the cunt in question.

“Well?” asked Wanda. “What do you say?”

“But-but-we aren’t lesbians,” Laura protested.

“Sure, we ain’t lesbians,” snorted Wanda. “Jeez! What a disgusting thought! If you were a lesbian, I would want you to do it. I mean, no normal girl like me wants some old dyke slobbering on her cunt. But it’s okay for a normal girl to do it.”

“I won’t!” Laura cried.

Wanda curled her lip in a pout.

“It’s a terrible thing to do,” Laura added.

Wanda shrugged.

"Suit yourself," she said. Her face was hard and determined. "But don't expect to fuck my dog again, if you don't."

Laura felt herself tossed on the horns of a dilemma.

She had grown accustomed to a steady diet of golden retriever prick. How could she bear to go without dog-cock now?

Wanda only laughed.

Laura eyed her cunt once more. When she thought about it, the idea of sucking pussy wasn't really so disgusting. Sometimes when she finger-fucked herself, she licked her fingers, and she knew that cunt juice was tasty. It might be delicious, even, when a girl lapped it up right out of a pussy. It would make her feel depraved and degraded-but still, it wasn't as if she were some sort of dirty pervert. If she just did it as a means to an end, rather than an end to itself, she guessed cuntsucking wouldn't be so wicked.

Wanda had parted her legs wider and was starting to squirm around in her chair. Her cunt was wet and juicy. Laura was staring openly at her pussy now, and Wanda was well aware of the girl's attention.

"Who knows? You might like it," Wanda said.

Laura was beaten. She sighed, trying to act more reluctant than she really felt.

"Well," she said, "I'll do it-but don't you think for one minute that I'm going to enjoy it!"

"I don't give a shit if you enjoy it or not," Wanda said. "As long as you make me come."

So Laura decided to suck her first pussy.

She slid out of her chair and knelt on the floor between Wanda's parted thighs. Wanda arched her back, tilting her creamy pussy gash up, an expectant smile on her face and her eyes glowing with desire. Laura paused, uncertain how to start. Wanda reached down and parted her cunt lips with her fingers. The dark inner flesh was streaked with cunt juice. Laura was amazed to find that the sight was making her mouth water and her tongue had begun to flutter as if it were a clit. But she forced herself not to look as eager as she felt, to pretend that she was doing this with the utmost reluctance and under protest.

Laura leaned in and pushed her tongue out. She took a tentative lap up the open cunt slot.

"Ooooh," she sighed.

She looked up at Wanda's face, no longer able to hide the fact that she didn't mind licking pussy.

"Like it, honey?" Wanda asked.

"I-I do," Laura admitted.

"I had an idea you might," Wanda said. "Make me come now-and if you do a real good job, maybe I'll eat you out, too."

Gee, thought Laura, delighted by that prospect. It's a good thing neither of us is a lesbian!

Then she began to slurp merrily away.

She used only her tongue at first, fucking it up the creamy cunt slot and lapping at the trembling clit and stabbing her tongue up Wanda's hot pussy with a steady fucking rhythm.

She held the girl's cunt lips open with her fingers.

She switched back and forth from clit to pussy hole. Cunt juice was flooding onto her tongue and it was delicious. Laura parted her lips and tilted her head and fitted her mouth over Wanda's hairy pussy, sucking the cunt juice out. Her mouth was stuck to Wanda's cunt like a limpet to a mossy rock.

As her mouth filled with warm pussy nectar, Laura had to admit that Wanda had had a damned good idea.

Wanda wailed and panted and her pussy creamed.

Laura sucked her off to the end, milking out the last drops and working off the final spasms.

She raised her head, smiling with cream-smearred lips.

"Did I do it good?" she asked hopefully.

"You sure did," said Wanda.

And, keeping her promise, Wanda sucked Laura off, in turn.

Wanda had never sucked a pussy before, either. But, like Laura, she found that she loved it.

It was a thing that she had been thinking about for a long time, and waiting only for the proper time and place—and a willing partner. Laura was certainly willing.

The girls, in fact, got so interested in the newly discovered joy of sucking cunt that they gobbled each other again.

Poor Rusty was neglected that day.

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## **CHAPTER FIVE**

Once more they fell into a routine.

Each day, Laura sucked Wanda off first and then Rusty was summoned in to fuck Laura. And after Laura's cunt was full of dog-cum, Wanda did some cunt-lapping, herself.

It was a happy arrangement.

It lasted for two years.

Then one day Wanda told Laura, sadly, that her father had been transferred out of the city and they would be moving in a week. Laura was heartbroken. She was going to be left to the feeble pleasures of her own hands, without the wonderful pleasure of dog-cock and cunt.

The two horny girls and the dog made the most of the time remaining, gorging themselves on the delights of the flesh.

Then Wanda and Rusty moved away.

But by this time, Laura was no longer innocent.

She sat around the house, feeling sorry for herself, for a week or so. She considered trying to find another dog. But there were none in the neighborhood and she didn't want to ask her father if she could have a pet. Somehow, the idea of fucking her own pet dog seemed really depraved to Laura, much naughtier than fucking the neighbor's dog and, too, it might get embarrassing. Once her dog had been trained, he might be inclined to start humping her at any time of the day or night, and that would never do. Her parents might get suspicious.

Laura started going out on dates.

She was a gorgeous girl, and sexy, and the local lads were pleased to find that she had come into the market. They vied for her favors and she had more offers than she could handle.

She lost her virginity—the human variety—to a robust football player at a drive-in movie.

After that, she began to fuck steadily with guys.

When the young men discovered that Laura was an easy fuck, she became more popular than ever and, therefore, had more opportunities to get fucked, and accepted them with enthusiasm.

Having discovered the pleasures of human prick, Laura began to think differently of the past. She considered the affair with Rusty and Wanda as merely an adolescent fancy, a passing phase. She even came to believe it had been luck for her that Wanda had moved away—otherwise she might have become a terrible pervert, a dog-fucking dyke, and never known the delights of the pricks of her own species.

She learned to suck cocks.

She got gang-banged at a party and enjoyed it so much that she arranged to get gangbanged a few more times.

Sometimes she hitchhiked, deliberately hoping to get picked up by horny men and giving blow-jobs in return for rides.

She began to get something of a reputation.

She was certainly promiscuous.

But since she was limiting her love life to human males, Laura considered herself quite chaste. She was determined never to go in for dog-fucking again, and to avoid sucking cunts, and to be a normal, heterosexual girl who only fucked men.

She only slipped up twice...

Once, walking in the woods on a sunny Sunday afternoon, she met a big black and tan hound and, on impulse, seduced him. Belly down in the pine-carpeted forest glen, she churned her ass as the sturdy hunting dog fucked his prick into her cunt and, while it was happening, she wondered how on earth she had ever neglected dog-cock for so long.

But then, just after the brute had squirted his hot jism into her cunt, along had come the dog's master, looking for the errant hound—and that had been, to say the least, embarrassing. Laura had sucked the dog owner off to quiet him down, but even when his prick was in her mouth, he had looked at her with revulsion. She felt guilty and ashamed of herself for having slipped up and once again she resolved to break the bestiality habit.

Then, at college, she slipped up again.

Laura and her roommate, a bountifully breasted blonde, had both gotten a bit tipsy at a school dance and when they got back to their room, Laura went down on the girl and sucked her cunt until she came.

Something might have come of that, since they shared a room and since her cunt had been delicious, but Laura had felt embarrassed in the morning when she remembered what she had done. And her roommate, also embarrassed, had pretended that she did not remember anything about it—that, drunk, she had not known what was happening and recalled nothing. Laura would have liked to suck her pussy steadily and, truth be known, the roommate wished that she would. But neither of them was willing to take the initiative, and so it was a one-shot affair.

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Other than those two occasions, Laura had led a normal, if somewhat promiscuous life.

She had had a succession of boyfriends and lovers and once had almost become engaged to be married. But she had backed out at the last moment, realizing that she was not yet ready to limit herself to the affections of one man and the attentions of a solitary prick and that if she married him she was certain to cheat on him. It didn't seem the proper attitude with which to take the wedding vows.

Laura was not involved with anyone, at the moment.

She had gone to the park, in fact, thinking that some fellow with a big prick might pick her up, for she had been in a rather randy mood that morning.

Then she had seen Larry Miller—with his huge Great Dane.

The urge had come over her in a hot flash.

Her pussy was flooded so heavily that she had soaked the stone wall on which she was sitting.

She wanted that dog to fuck her.

It had been years now since she had fucked the hunting hound and she had thought those dark desires diminished—but now they came back with overwhelming force and the girl was helpless in the grip of her lust for dogs.

How could she manage to get that dog to herself?

Well, she knew how...

She had enjoyed fucking and sucking with Larry, but it had been no more than a means to an end—and now that end was at hand.

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CHAPTER SIX

"I'll be back as soon as I can," Larry said, from the doorway of the bedroom. Laura was still in bed. "Keep it hot for me."

She smiled and gave her cunt a soft rub. Larry was tempted to go back to bed. He forced himself to turn and leave the room, looking forward to returning even before he had left.

Laura waited until she heard the front door close.

Then she got up, trembling with excitement. Her nipples were sticking out, hard and taut, and her pussy was smoldering. She was hot and horny. That was why she had sucked Larry off without having an orgasm herself—because she wanted to be really randy when she was left alone with the dog.

Naked, she went into the front room.

Thor was curled up on a rug by the fireplace, his big, blunt muzzle resting on his forepaws. Laura looked at the huge brute from the doorway for a moment, before she approached him. He was curled onto his flank and she could see his cock and balls. His cockhead was withdrawn within the hairy sheath. Still, he seemed to have a considerable hunk of prick, even soft.

Laura had often wondered what it would be like to fuck with a really big dog, like this Great Dane. She certainly hoped the dog was willing—that he was not some sort of canine prude, for instance, or had some moral qualms about fucking a human, or wanted to be faithful and true to some French poodle or sexy collie bitch.

The taste of Larry's jism still tingled on her tongue.

She wondered what it would be like to suck a dog's prick.

It was not, in fact, the first time that Laura had wondered about that. During the numerous occasions when she had been fucked by Wanda's golden retriever, Laura had often wanted to try sucking the brute's prick, out of both curiosity and lust. But Wanda had never suggested it—probably never dreaming for a moment that Laura would do such a thing—and Laura had been too shy and inhibited to suck the dog on her own initiative. If Wanda had ever left her alone with the dog, Laura would most certainly have discovered what a mouthful of dog-cock was like, but she was too embarrassed by the idea to do it while Wanda was with them.

Now she thought about sucking the Great Dane's cock, and the thought made her mouth water.

Larry's load of delicious spunk had not satisfied her—instead, it had been like an effective appetizer, making the cock-hungry girl want more of the creamy stuff.

Did dog-cum taste like human cum?

She licked her lips in anticipation.

But it was a hard decision to make. Should she suck the dog off or let him fuck her? Or both? And, if she did both, in what order should she do them? She wasn't sure how much time they would have before Larry got back and she sure as hell didn't want to be interrupted halfway through a suck or fuck. And she wasn't sure how potent a Great Dane was, either. She wanted the brute to come at least twice—once in her mouth and once in her pussy. If she sucked him off first, she would be hotter

than ever and really appreciate getting fucked, as long as the dog was capable of coming twice. She might fuck him first—but then, with her pussy well fucked, she would not enjoy sucking him so much.

These were difficult things to reason out and the girl frowned as she considered the logistics of it.

She might just suck on his prick for a few minutes, to see what dog-cock tasted like and to get his prick big and hard for her pussy. But Laura knew herself and she was pretty sure that, once she had a mouthful of Great Dane prick, she would not want to stop sucking and tonguing until she had milked the brute and swallowed his cum.

She smiled suddenly.

She had just realized that she was actually standing there, naked, seriously considering whether she should give a Great Dane a blow-job. The whole situation was so depraved that it amused her.

And it made her drool, as well.

She moved across the room towards the massive animal.

Thor raised his head, surprised to find a naked female approaching him. Thor was a young dog, and a horny one. He had seduced plenty of local bitches in his time. But he had never even considered the possibility that a human bitch might like to fuck a dog and so he was surprised at how hot and randy this girl was scented.

She knelt down beside him.

She stroked his head.

“What a nice doggy,” she said.

She rubbed his powerful flank and haunches.

Then her hand slid down and she felt his cock.

Instantly, the big prick began to harden in her grip.

Thor cocked his head, surprised again. Why should a human be playing with his prick? It worried him somewhat, too, because he was getting a hard-on and had no bitch to fuck. But her hand felt wonderful as it stroked and rubbed his cockmeat. Thor had seen his master jerk off once and had been envious. Humans were really lucky to have hands with thumbs. Poor dogs couldn't use their paws on their pricks. Now he was finding out what a human hand felt like and loving it and wondering if this strange girl knew what she was doing to him—and if she would do it long enough to make him come.

Laura gazed at his prick as she rubbed it.

The big, smooth cock-knob came squeezing out from the shaggy sheath. It was bright red and gleamed as if it had been polished. The dog's cock flared out in a wide, flat wedge of meat, pulsing and throbbing, and the cleft was parted. His balls were swelling and his prick was getting hard as a rock.

“What a lovely cock,” she whispered.

The sight of that giant dog-cock was really driving the wanton woman wild with desire.

Her tongue was as hot as her clit.

Thor was starting to whimper and his hindquarters humped, fucking his cock through her caressing hand.

He wasn't at all sure what was happening, but he sure as hell didn't want it to stop.

A frothy drop of pre-cum bubbled up on the tip of his scarlet cockhead.

"Ooooooh," Laura purred.

She simply had to taste that delicious stuff.

She bent down and pushed her tongue out and slurped the creamy flow from his prickmeat. She let it run around on her tongue for a moment, savoring it, then swallowed the hot, slimy nugget. Dog-cum tasted the same as a man's cum, she thought. But the very idea that it was animal-cum in her mouth made the act more depraved—and therefore more thrilling. Imagine blowing a dog! Imagine swallowing dog-spunk! Oh, how truly naughty it was! And what a lovely idea, too.

She licked the head of the dog's meaty prick again.

Thor curled around, staring at her in amazement. He licked his own prick sometimes, but he had never realized that it could be a sexual act, nor that women used their tongues so effectively. He began to realize that a mouth could be fucked, like a cunt. He had never met a dog that gave head. Even French poodles didn't suck cock. But he was rapidly getting the idea that this lady was a bit strange and liable to do anything.

She cupped his balls in one hand, feeling how swollen they had become. She held the root of his cock in the other hand, not stroking up and down now, but just gripping his cock by the hilt so that she was holding his bared prick-knob up to her lips. She pulled the hairy sheath back and the glossy red tip bulged out in a great flared wedge and throbbed mightily. She wasn't going to use her hand, except to hold his prick steady. She wanted to do the job with her tongue and mouth and, although she was eager to drink the dog's cum, she was in no hurry for that succulent slime and intended to savor the meat for a while before she drank the cream.

She licked and laved all over his big, rubbery cockhead, slurping on the polished prick meat and dipping her tongue right into the parted cleft where his jism was bubbling up.

"Ummm," she purred in contentment.

She moved lower and tongued the brute's swollen balls for a moment, thinking of the lovely cum-load they held for her. She licked up the shaggy stalk and got a coarse hair stuck between her teeth for her efforts. But it was worth it to the girl, who had turned positively ravenous for dog-prick now.

More spunk had oozed from his cock-knob.

Laura greedily lapped the stuff up.

Then she slipped her lips over the big crown of his cock and took it into her mouth. She sucked devotedly on the dog-meat. Her lips pulled and dragged and her tongue glided around against the underside of the huge, hot mouthful of prick.

A little jet of jism spurting onto her tongue.

She swallowed it happily and it made her hungry for more of the thick fuck juice—but still she was in no hurry to bring the dog to a climax, because she was having too much fun sucking and tonguing his cock.

She drew her lips away to let his prick cool for a moment.

Thor whined in desperation as he realized that his prick had been temporarily abandoned. He humped, pushing his cock into her face. She giggled, kissing the fat cock-knob as he nudged her.

Cum streaked her cheek and chin.

She could see that the Great Dane was so hot that she would not be able to delay his ejaculation much longer—and that, if she tried to delay things, he might just shoot off anyhow, without being inside her mouth. That was the last thing that Laura wanted. If a girl was going to suck a dog's cock, she certainly wanted to have him come in her mouth. There was no sense in going off half-cocked about it and the greatest thrill in blowing—man or beast—was the moment when those balls blew and the jism hosed her mouth and she realized she had brought him off even as she was greedily gulping the hot spunk down.

Laura grinned at the dog.

“Want to get your rocks off now, fella?” she whispered.

Thor didn't understand her words but her tone was suggestive and he humped wildly as he sought to bury his bone. Laura kissed the slippery tip of his cock and then let her lips part, feeding the shining prick-knob into her mouth once more.

Now she began to suck with the steady rhythm that she knew would bring the dog to a peak.

Thor whimpered and growled and his hindquarters bunched with trembling muscles as he fucked into her face. Laura let his cockhead fuck right back into her throat. Her lips pulled eagerly and her tongue whipped wildly around on the meaty mouthful of dog-prick.

Jism was pouring from his cock now.

He wasn't shooting the full cum-load yet, but as the crest approached, the slippery stuff was flooding out, heralding the massive dose to follow. Her hot mouth was filling up with spunk and the dog's prick was fucking in and out fluidly on the lubrication of his cum.

Ribbons of dog-jizz coated the roof of her mouth and pooled up in her cheeks. Cum dripped down her gullet and clung to her teeth. His cockmeat was so hot by this time that it was scalding her lips and burning her tongue and Laura, avid cock-sucker that she was, was every bit as hot as the brute was, having an oral orgasm as she gorged herself on dog-cock. Her saliva was flowing as hot and heavy as her cunt juice, blending with the dog's pre-cum in a frothy and tasty nectar.

Then the dog howled.

Laura felt his prick balloon.

Oh! Yes! she thought, sucking joyfully.

Laura drank the dog's cum down as fast as she could. No sooner had she swallowed a delicious load than the dog's cock spilled another load of jism into her eager mouth. Now she began to frig him

with her hand as she sucked on the head of his prick, desperate to milk his cock and balls to the dregs now that the flow had started. The quicksilver dogcum overflowed her lips and bubbled down her chin. A dreamy look clouded her eyes as she swallowed all the cum she could. How wonderful it was to suck a dog off, how thrilling to have an animal shoot in her mouth!

Even before she had finished milking Thor, the cock-crazed girl was already looking forward to the next dog that she would suck off. What a happy prospect! Laura had staunchly avoided fucking with animals for a long time, but now that she was back into the pleasures of this mating of the species, she was going about it with a vengeance.

At long last, the Great Dane was drained.

He stopped humping and lay on his flank, panting.

His cockhead was still in her mouth and Laura continued to suck gently on it and to frig his stalk in her hand, to make absolutely certain that she had pulled out every precious drop of jism.

After a while she stopped sucking but still held his cockhead in her mouth, her lips collaring it.

Now she was wondering if perhaps she had milked the brute too dry, if his prick might start to shrink and soften.

But that meaty wedge of cockmeat remained firm and hot.

She pulled her lips away with a slurp. A gossamer thread of jism stretched out, linking the dog's cockhead to Laura's lower lip in a slippery thread. She eyed his prick. Despite his massive ejaculation, the potent Great Dane still had a big hard-on. His cock was as firm as if he had not just emptied it and as big as it had been before.

Laura dipped down and took the dog-cock back into her mouth. She wanted a last suck on that delectable hunk of prickmeat and she also wanted to make sure that it was as hard and hot as possible before she moved on to the next stage. The dog began to whine and whimper again and his haunches started to hump. Laura giggled, the sound muffled on the meaty mouthful. She had taught a dog a new trick, she was thinking—and the naughty canine figured that he was going to get another blow-job now! It was a pleasant thought, as far as that went, and Laura was sorely tempted to let the huge animal shoot his wad in her mouth again, for it had been truly delicious and tremendously thrilling.

But Laura's cunt was smoldering.

Her cunt felt so hot that she thought she might suddenly ignite, her pussy bursting into flames and her cunt juice pouring out like the flow of lava from a volcano.

Blowing the dog had been wonderful.

Now it was time to fuck the brute...

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## **CHAPTER SEVEN**

Although Laura had been fucked countless times by Rusty, the golden retriever, and once by a hunting dog whose name she had never known, her previous dog-fucking experiences had been

limited in a way.

Wanda had always been present with Rusty, and the hunting dog's owner had showed up for a blow-job and, not being alone with the animals, Laura had always been a bit inhibited and unable to experiment with different techniques and positions. Wanda had more or less choreographed the dog-fucking. That was why Laura had never sucked a dog's cock before, and why she had always been fucked doggy-fashion, on her hands and knees as she assumed the position of a tail-wagging bitch.

Now that she was alone with this mighty Great Dane, Laura figured that she had the opportunity to bring a bit of variation into the fucking.

She decided to teach Thor to fuck human-style, face to face.

But first she figured that a little foreplay might be enjoyable. She rolled onto her side and bellied up to the beast. Taking his fat prick in her hand, she began to rub his swollen cockhead around in her creamy, steaming pussy, stirring her hairy bowl with the big phallic spoon. Thor tried to fuck up her cunthole, but she avoided that for the moment. Then she turned around and offered the big dog a chance to lap her cunt-which he did with enthusiasm, his broad, flat tongue sweeping up her foaming pussy gash with long, moist strokes.

Laura would have liked to fool around a bit longer.

But she was afraid that Larry might return home and she wanted to get well fucked before there was an interruption.

She got to her feet.

Thor gazed up at her, obviously hoping that she had not decided that the fun was over, his tongue lolling out over the side of his jaw, cunt-juice streaking the pink surface.

Laura moved to the nearest chair.

Although she had never before fucked a dog face to face, she had often thought about it and figured that she would know how to fuck that way. She sat on the edge of the chair, her taut ass balanced on the very rim of the cushion and her long, shapely legs extended to the floor.

She patted her cunt.

Thor got to his feet, his massive prick swinging under his belly like the boom of a sailing ship, the prick-knob dripping again. He walked over to the chair, stiff-legged and stiff-pricked, his head cocked to one side as he pondered the logistics of the position. The dog could see that the woman's cunt was being presented to him but he was puzzled because she had not turned around. Still, humans were more limber than bitches, in some ways. They had hands that could frig and lips that could suck, and why should they not be able to fuck frontward, which seemed backward to him.

He thrust his muzzle between her legs.

Laura gave a squeal of pleasure and began to squirm as his long tongue lapped up her cunt slot.

Was this what she wanted? Thor wasn't sure. Well, it seemed fair. She had tongued him and if she wanted to cream on his tongue, he could not complain and, anyhow, a human pussy was a very tasty treat.

But then she patted the cushion beside her ass.

Thor got the idea and bounded up, his front paws braced beside her hips and his hind legs firmly planted on the floor and his long cock looming out over her belly.

Laura stroked and rubbed the dog's prick.

She pulled his cock down and worked the hot tip against her stiff nipples. His fucker was so hard it was vibrating. She pushed her plump tits together and let the Great Dane hump at her cleavage for a moment, dipping her head down and tonguing the gleaming cock-knob as it came pushing out from the soft channel between her tits. But she only let him do this for a moment, because she was afraid that she might get the taste for dog-cock again, and she knew that once she took that succulent cockhead back into her mouth she was liable to keep right on sucking until he shot his wad—and now she had to have that wad up her cunt before she melted.

She levered his prick downwards.

The bloated prick-knob nudged her pussy.

Thor braced his hindquarters, instantly realizing how they were going to manage this frontal coupling and thrilled by the idea. Laura fitted the fat head of his cock into her cunthole, then released him.

Thor humped.

He drove the full length of his gigantic cock up her pussy with the first powerful fuckstroke.

Laura wailed with joy as she felt her cunt stuffed to the brim with the dog's vibrant cockmeat. She clamped her smooth thighs around his furry flanks and hooked her heels behind his trembling haunches. She clung to his shoulders with both hands and arched her back, tilting her crotch up into the fucking position before him. Thor drew out and fucked in, going slowly on the first long, rippling fuck-stroke.

Then he began to fuck her furiously.

Whining and yelping, the big dog fucked the prick into her pussy with savage thrusts, cork-screwing and pounding. Laura met him with counterpointal strokes of her slim pelvis, fucking her cunt on his prick and then rotating her hips as the dog withdrew, so that her fuckhole was massaging his cockmeat like a velvet vise.

His balls whacked against her uplifted ass.

His powerful body surged between her thighs.

He was fucking her so fast that his haunches were a blur and his hind legs scrabbled madly on the floor. His cock got bigger and bigger, spreading her pussy around it, and her talented cunt clamped down, sucking on his prick as if she had a mouth up her cunt.

Now the girl was doubly glad that she had already sucked the animal off, because he was fucking her with such vigor that he would have come almost at once, had his balls not been recently emptied in her mouth.

Laura's pussy melted.

She creamed once, then again, the orgasms coming so quickly upon each other that she wasn't sure if she had come once, prolonged, or two separate times. Then she came again.

She was groaning with fuck-lust.

"Come-come-come," she babbled, wanting to feel the dog spurt his hot, thick slime into her cunt.

Thor howled.

His prick hissed in, slamming her violently and tilting her pelvis up and down as he poured the cock to her in a frenzy. She reached down and cupped his balls in her hand, squeezing.

She felt his balls spasm. Then she felt his cock swell as the thick cum rushed up it, and then she was crying out with ecstasy as she felt all that burning jism hose her cunt in spurt after spurt. She was coming time and again, the thrill sparking through her, diminishing for a second and then coming at the height again. Her cunt juice gushed out, mixing with the dog's spunk. Cum sprayed from her cunt and poured down her crotch, seeping into the tight crack of her ass.

Laura experienced a volley of orgasms, and the dog kept spurting his slime into her pussy with equal intensity.

At last he slowed, then stopped fucking, panting wildly, his tongue hanging out and his big eyes glazed by satiation.

Laura squirmed for another moment as she ground out the last spasms of her own climax on the dog's cock.

They were still coupled, linked by his prick.

The dog's cock seemed as big as ever.

Laura giggled with the thought that they might be stuck together and that Larry would come home and find them coupled and, no doubt, throw a bucket of cold water over them. But she wasn't worried. She had fucked enough dogs to know that they didn't get stuck up girls, the way they did up bitches. Nor was she in any hurry to have the Great Dane pull that delightful fucker out of her pussy, for even though she had come she was still enjoying the sensation of having a cuntful of dogcock.

And she was thrilled that the brute's cock was still big and hard.

They could do more!

She squirmed against him, letting her soaking cunt glide up and down on his rigid cock rod.

Should she fuck him again, just as they were?

Or suck him off again, instead? Should she let him fuck her between the tits and drink his cum as it hosed her face? Or should she let him throw a fuck into her dog-style now? It was hard to decide. She licked her lips and made her cunt muscles pulse on his prick, trying to determine if she wanted his next load of jism in her mouth or her pussy.

Thor pulled his prick out.

He jumped down to the floor and turned sideways. Laura saw his prick in profile, still rampant, the

cocktip dripping cum and the hairy prickshaft lathered with foaming cum and cunt juice.

She wished that she had two nice big dogs there, so that she could take a cock in both ends at once. She even wondered if she should wait for Thor's master to return—and let him fuck her while she blew the dog, or vice versa. It would surely make the man horny to see her sucking on his dog's cock.

But she didn't really want a man's prick at the moment.

She was hooked on dog-cock again.

As she squirmed on the chair she could feel the cum and cunt juice that had run down into the crack of her ass.

It gave her an idea.

Laura had never been buggered by a dog and she didn't suppose that the Great Dane had ever had his prick up an asshole, human or canine, and ass-fucking would be a naughty novelty for both of them.

Laura decided to get the dog to fuck her up the ass...

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CHAPTER EIGHT

When Laura slid down from the chair and got onto all fours, the dog gave a little happy yelp, for this was a position he recognized. And he had every reason to believe that now that he had fucked her human-style, he was going to get a chance to throw a proper dogfuck into the insatiable woman. He moved toward her.

Laura looked back over her shoulder, smiling. Her ass was grinding around as if she were waving an invisible tail and cunt juice was flowing down her thighs.

The Great Dane gave her cunt another lick.

Then, without further ado, for he was on his own home ground now, he jumped up and mounted her, wrapping his forelegs around her hips in a tight embrace.

His blunt-tipped cockhead bounced off her ass, then skimmed along her inner thigh, not aimed correctly at first. The dog whined, wanting to bury his bone. His prick was quivering, taut as a bowstring. But the woman was holding her loins slanted wrong and he couldn't get his cock in her pussy. Once more, the dog regretted not having a hand so that he could manually guide his cock into her cunt.

Laura reached back between her legs.

She took the animal's fat prick in her hand and fitted the slippery red crown of his cock into her asshole.

Thor was puzzled.

This human female obviously didn't know much about fucking the way dogs fucked. She was stuffing his prick up her ass!

The fit was tighter than her cunt, but his cockmeat was going in easily enough. Laura's asshole was not cherry by any means. She had never had an animal fuck her ass, but quite a few men had had their cocks up her ass. She enjoyed a good ass-fucking. It didn't feel as good as having her cunt stuffed, and she preferred it in the mouth, as well, but buggery had a certain charm of its own. The woman always felt sordid and depraved when she took a cock up the ass and that gave it a dark and mysterious pleasure of its own, more psychological than physical—although it did feel rather nice.

Her asshole parted and the Great Dane's cockhead slipped into the tight brown bud. Her asshole clamped shut, collaring his prick just behind the flaring cock-knob.

The dog didn't start fucking, as he would have if his cock had been up her slippery cunt.

In fact, in a vague canine way, the animal was a bit embarrassed by the situation, almost scandalized. He figured that the woman must have made a mistake and put his cock in the wrong fuckhole. It was only logical that a dog would think that, for he had never encountered any sort of female who took cock up the ass. And yet it felt nice to have his hot cockhead snugly gripped in her tight asshole.

What the hell—if the woman didn't object, why should a mere dog care?

The big dog took a tentative hump.

His massive prick slowly fucked up her grinding ass.

He humped again, fucking in about halfway.

Her tight ass tunnel began to loosen, parting to accommodate the bulk of his fat prick. His third hump buried his cock to the balls. Her asshole began to work on the dog's cock the way her cunt had before, the hole sucking and gripping as if she were trying to digest his cock in reverse. She was moaning with dark and deviant delight. The dog gripped her tighter, stuck fast to her haunches and fucked her asshole. He began to pour the prick in and out with gusto.

Oh, it feels good! thought naughty Laura.

It felt better, somehow, to have a dog's prick up her ass than it did when a man ventured into that nether region. The dog was fucking faster than a man, his long cock fucking in and out furiously. She reached between her legs and began to rub her tingling clit. Then she turned her wrist and started to finger-fuck her cunthole with three fingers, while her thumb worked on her throbbing clit.

As her fingers slid up her cunt, she could feel the Great Dane's cock pushing into her asshole, through the narrow membrane that divided the two separate paths. He was plowing in deep. She wondered if his big cockhead was going to push right up into her belly. She shoved her ass back to meet his fuck-lunges and rolled her hips from side to side. Her pelvis humped and her belly pumped. She moaned and panted with pleasure. Her cunt flooded on her hand, but no sooner had the climax passed than she began to rise up towards another coming.

The dog's balls swung in and slapped against her cunt as he fed the prick into her ass guts. She rubbed the swollen balls around in her frothy pussy gash. She had swallowed a load of dog-jism and had another dose up her pussy, and now the cum-loving woman was steaming with the desire to have yet another cum-load in her ass.

The dog's fucking action was so vigorous that Laura was being driven right across the floor, moving on her hands and knees and propelled by his heaving haunches and lunging loins. Her ass was jolted

up as he fucked in and her head was driven down towards the floor. Thor marched after her on his hind legs, like a trained circus dog doing a trick, but never missing a fuck-stroke as he advanced.

She was almost up to the wall when the dog came again.

His spunk flooded her bowels.

The instant that the oversexed woman felt the dog-cum pour into her ass, her pussy creamed again, as if set off by the catalyst of the animal's coming. Dog-spunk pumped from her ass and ran down into her crotch where it mixed with her own hot pussy juices as they bubbled out.

She felt as if she were dissolving, as if her blood and bones had turned to fluid and melted out of her cunt.

The dog kept pumping the stuff into her.

When he finally slowed, his cock, incredibly, was still hard.

But this time it was not the rampancy of lust that was keeping the huge beast's prick firm and swollen.

Laura tried to crawl away.

She merely dragged the exhausted animal after her as she went.

His cock was stuck up her asshole!

Empty, yet still bloated, the dog-prick was lodged fast and her asshole was clamped on it like a vise.

She tried to withdraw his cock by pulling him by the balls, but it was to no avail. She tried to squirm and twist, unwinding her asshole from his bolt, but it would not budge. It felt as if his jism had congealed and stuck him up her like glue.

She tried to remember what she knew of such things. How long did it usually take for a dog's prick to slacken when he had been stuck up a bitch? She couldn't recall, if indeed she had ever known. Christ, what if Larry came home and found them in this position? Would he believe her if she pleaded rape? She doubted it. Still, it might have been worse. At least they had finished and both gotten their rocks off. If the dog's master discovered them in this indelicate position it might be awfully embarrassing, but at least the fun would not be interrupted.

It might even be exciting, she thought, grinning sheepishly. Maybe Larry would take advantage of the position and stick his cock in her mouth while she knelt there, helpless, impaled on the dog's cock.

Still, she hoped they would be able to disengage before anyone came and caught them in this mortifying predicament.

She got as comfortable as she could, under the circumstances, resting her head on her forearms and drawing her knees up under her. The dog clung to her. She hoped there were no further complications. Lord, what if she had to take a shit? All sorts of things danced through her mind. She kept eyeing the door, hoping she would not be discovered.

As it turned out, she was.

But not by Larry.

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## CHAPTER NINE

With a tawny-haired, jade-eyed, hot-mouthed and juicy-cunted girl waiting for him in his bed, Larry Miller had not intended to spend much time at his office. He planned to give his dependable young secretary a few instructions and see what had arrived in the morning mail and then hurry on back to Laura who-or so Larry believed-was keeping her pussy on the boil for him.

His prick was threatening to get hard as stone again even before he got his car from the parking lot and it began to swell, in anticipation, as he drove to the office. It was a good thing Laura had taken the pressure off somewhat, with that lovely morning blow-job, or else his cock would be beating like a drum. And how unselfish of her, as well, to suck him off without expecting an orgasm in return!

Such things were virtually unheard of in these days of women's liberation, with all the girls demanding their rights to orgasms.

He guessed that Laura was an old-fashioned girl.

Well, he would take good care of her as soon as he got back, he vowed, making her wait worthwhile.

But Larry got sidetracked.

And in a very pleasant fashion.

Coming into his office, with a lump already forming in his trousers, Larry was amazed to find his young secretary fucking herself with a huge rubber prick.

A discovery of that nature tended to sidetrack most gentlemen and Larry was no exception. He was also a kind and thoughtful employer. He had always considered the people who worked for him as human beings, with personalities, needs and requirements of their own that superseded those of the job.

It was apparent what his secretary needed this morning...

Molly was only eighteen.

She had come to work for Larry just after getting out of high school and despite her lack of higher education she had proved a conscientious and dependable secretary. Larry had not failed to notice that. But although he usually had an eye for the women, Larry had failed to realize that the girl was also a sexy little piece. She was not the type that appealed to him at first glance, as a spectacular blonde like Laura always did.

Molly was tall and willowy. She had an oval face and a crop of short, dark, curly hair that fitted her head like a bathing cap. She had big brown eyes, more innocent looking than sexy, he had thought, and she was too thin. Larry was attracted to big tits and well-packed asses. Molly had small tits-although they were nice and firm-and her ass was neat and round and small. Her legs were long and shapely, but she usually assumed a modest posture so that Larry had never really had a good look at them...

Walking into the office now, he had a very good look, indeed-and saw how wrong he'd been in not

paying more attention to the girl.

Larry stopped in the doorway.

His jaw flopped open and his eyes bulged out like two hard-boiled eggs.

Molly had her back turned and had not heard her boss come in. She had her dark skirt lifted up above her round ass, holding the hem in one hand, and with the other hand she was stuffing a dildo in and out of her cunt with a steady fucking motion. Her hips swayed and bucked as she fucked the rubber cock up her cunt slot. Her dark head moved from side to side and her whole willowy body swayed to the sensation of what she was doing to herself.

Larry could hear her moaning and whimpering.

He could also hear the moist, squishing sound that her cunt was making as it pulled on the rubber prick.

Amazed, he stood silently, watching. Molly was standing at the window, looking out.

After a moment, Larry realized what she was doing. She was obviously keeping an eye on the parking lot below, so that she would see when he drove in and have time to make the necessary adjustments and assume a secretarial demeanor before he reached the office.

But today, not intending to stay at the office for very long, Larry had parked in a metered space beside the building, instead of bothering to drive into the parking lot—and thus had he caught her.

Christ! Did she do that every morning?

The thought excited him.

What did she think about when she fucked herself?

His prick began to stiffen.

He rather hoped that Molly might be thinking of him, as she watched for his approach.

He could see thick cunt juice running down the fat shaft of the dildo as she drew it out. She was moving a bit faster now, and starting to pant heavily. He guessed she was going to cream soon. Her firm little ass began to go up and down as she squatted on the rubber prick, rose up on trembling thighs, then fucked down again.

What should he do?

He knew that the most gentlemanly thing would be to tiptoe back out and not let on that he had seen what she was doing. The young secretary was certain to be terribly embarrassed if she realized that she was under observation.

But he hesitated.

The sight was intriguing. Larry had never seen a woman use a dildo before, and he desperately wanted to stay and watch at least until her cunt creamed on the big rubber cock.

He held his breath.

He held his cock, cupping it through his trousers.

The dildo fucked in and out. Foamy cunt juice streamed down the sleek slopes of her thighs. Her ass was working like a grindstone.

“Ooooh!” she cried, twitching.

Her torso shifted sideways, twisting with lust as the thrill began to spread through her loins.

Then she saw Larry reflected in the window.

Molly stiffened.

She gave a cry of horror.

Larry, not realizing that his presence had become known, thought that she was crying out with passion. But then she spun around, her big brown eyes wide open and her lower lip trembling. She stared at him. Larry gaped back at her and they both blushed. In her panic, Molly had not thought to lower her dress and still held it above her waist, and Larry got his first look at the girl’s cunt. It was, he thought, a remarkable cunt.

Her pussy mound was a mass of dark curly hair that spread out in a tangled triangle all over her belly, and her pussy itself looked far too large for her slender loins, as if it had been plastered on as an afterthought, a heavy duty retread on fragile pelvic mounting.

Molly looked down.

As if to hide the incriminating dildo from his sight, the girl shoved it all the way up her cunt. She lowered her skirt.

“I-I didn’t mean to sneak up on you,” Larry stammered.

She lowered her eyelashes. She flushed bright red with mortification.

“What must you think of me?” she wailed.

“Why, it’s nothing to be ashamed of,” he said, feeling sorry for the poor, embarrassed girl.

“It’s not?” she asked.

“Of course not. It’s my fault for walking in on you.”

“But I shouldn’t have been doing it,” she whispered.

“Tell me—do you do it often? Here in the office?”

“Well—I’m afraid so. Almost every day, when I get here before you do, Mister Miller. I-I have a roommate, you know, so I don’t have much privacy at my own place. That’s why I keep the thing here in the office and get to work early.”

Larry was beginning to see wonderful possibilities.

He smiled in a friendly fashion and said: “But why on earth does a lovely young lady like you need a rubber prick? I mean—you must have lots of boyfriends.”

"Not enough," she said.

She managed a faint smile.

"I need an awful lot of fucking," she explained. "I get it at night, most times, but since I don't live with a guy, I never get fucked in the morning and so... I guess I must be a real nympho, huh? I hope you aren't going to fire me, sir?"

Larry was far more inclined to stoke her fires than to fire her. He already had a big hard-on and, although Laura was waiting at his apartment, this girl-with her obvious needs-was in the office. Larry advanced slowly across the room.

Looking out from under her demurely lowered eyelashes, Molly noticed the cockbulge in his pants.

She began to realize that she was not going to be castigated for fucking herself in the office.

"Why, Mister Miller!" she said, feigning surprise.

"I would have been coming to work early, myself, if I'd realized there was a job to be done," he said.

He saw no reason to be hesitant or inhibited. After all, when a man discovers a young lady fucking herself with a rubber prick, a certain intimacy seems in order.

Reaching out, he lifted the hem of her skirt.

Molly giggled and arched her back, pushing her flat tummy out and parting her lean, smooth thighs, so that he could see the hilt of the dildo clamped between her pink cunt lips. Those vibrant pussy lips were pulsing, still working on the rubber prick despite the changed circumstances. But Larry didn't want such a big, hairy, juicy pussy to give its devotion to a rubber cock-not when he had a cock every bit as big and a lot harder, at the moment, and full balls to empty.

He got hold of the end of the dildo and pulled it out. It came out slowly, her pussy dragging and pulling, reluctant to be emptied. Molly squirmed. The rod pulled out with a slurp and her cunt, vacated, gushed a flood of creamy cunt juice out.

Larry tossed the dildo onto the desk.

He opened his fly.

His cock sprang out without assistance, snapping up into an iron-hard fucker angled up between them.

"Ooooh-nice," Molly murmured.

She began to fondle his cock and balls.

Her deft, shorthand-skilled fingers worked on him, causing his big prick to pulse with urgency, desperate to get itself properly indexed in her hot, hairy filing cabinet.

Larry continued to hold her dress up so that the head of his prick could rub against her stomach as she stroked the cockshaft and gently squeezed his balls. Molly rolled her hips, working her belly against his prickmeat. A slippery trail of spunk embellished her hot flesh as the head of his fuck tool began to weep.

Larry wanted her naked.

He tugged the dress up. Her hands left his prick reluctantly, then rose above her head. Larry pulled the dress off her body. He was pleasantly surprised to find that the girl's undergarments, unlike her modest, even prim, outer clothing, were sexy as hell. How had he ever failed to notice this nubile girl?

She wore a black garter belt and dark stockings. Her crotch seemed to be slung in the taut straps like a juicy missile loaded into a slingshot, ready to be catapulted towards him. Her bra was cut so low that her nipples peeked out over the rim. Whatever panties she had worn—if any—she must have removed before she began fucking herself with the rubber prick. Her pussy, naked and bared, was displayed within the framework of the intricate belts and straps, as if mounted there for his visual appreciation. It was a delectable sight.

He cupped a hand, palm upwards, into her creamy crotch.

Molly squirmed on it, working her pussy enthusiastically around on his upturned, cupped hand.

Her cunt felt as if it were singeing his hand and cunt juice pooled in his palm and dripped from the edges.

What a find this girl was!

What a fool he had been not to take notice of such a readily available and obviously willing piece of ass!

Her cunt felt so nice that Larry decided he simply had to have a taste of it before he fucked her. He started to go down to his knees. She had his prick in both hands again, and for a moment she refused to relinquish her grip, obviously enjoying playing with such a hot and meaty handful of prick. But then she realized what Larry had in mind and released him with a little gasp of expectation.

Larry knelt before her.

Molly leaned back, resting her taut little ass against the edge of the desk and parting her thighs widely.

He ran his tongue up her cunt gash.

"Ummm," she purred, shuddering with the thrill.

Larry opened her cunt lips with his fingertips and fucked his tongue in and out of her pussy slot, then began to lave her tight, steaming clit with slurping strokes.

He looked up to see how she was reacting. Molly had done an erotic thing. As he licked her pussy, she had taken the dildo up from the desk and pushed the knob into her mouth, sucking on it with a dreamy expression. She smiled down at him, her lips turning up around the contours of the rubber prick. The device was slippery with her cunt juice and Larry found it wildly exciting to watch the girl sucking her own pussy cream from a rubber cock. He was also happy to know that Molly was not adverse to sucking on a prick—figuring that any girl who would blow a rubber cock would not hesitate to take the real thing into her mouth and milk it dry.

The idea was so attractive that he was almost inclined to suck her cunt until she creamed and then ask her to suck him off, in turn. But he had already had a blow-job from Laura, not long before, and

now he was more in the mood for a fuck.

But he was in no hurry, because her pussy was delicious, all creamed up from the dildo and flooding his mouth. His tongue worked lavishly and his lips dragged on her slit. He sucked and licked until she began to vibrate, then he slowly rose to his feet with his giant prick coming up like some great burden he was lifting from the floor.

Seeing his hard-on, Molly wailed and arched deeply, tilting her pussy out to hover above the angle of the cock's ascent.

His prick slid up along the inside of her thigh.

His cockhead slipped into her wet cunt gash and he fucked in to the balls with the first powerful fuck-stroke.

Her slippery cunt took every inch of cock up the lubricated fuck hole. Then her cunt muscles pulsed and the horny secretary had clamped her cunt around his cock in a tight fit. He could feel her pussy pulse. He took a long, slow fuck-stroke, then another. Moaning with animal passion, Molly pumped her hips and ground her ass against the rim of the desk. Her belly heaved and her slim legs hooked around him.

Fucking in hard, Larry was jolting the girl's slender pelvis up and down on his prick. He grasped her by the hips to hold her steady and began to pound in even harder.

Her head and shoulders dropped back. Her eyes were glazed and her lips slack. He saw her tongue switch back and forth as lust tossed her in a mad spiral. Her cunt was fiery. It was as if he had stuck his prick into a glowing furnace.

"I'm coming!" she gasped.

But Larry already knew that. He could feel her pussy melt around his prick and her cunt juice was flooding down his cock and into his balls.

Groaning, he shot his wad.

Molly screamed with the pure ecstasy of it, as she felt her cunt fill with his hot cum-load. Larry kept fucking in, emptying his cock and balls up her pussy gash as she came with him.

Drained, he slowed his fucking.

"More!" Molly gasped. "Give me more!"

Her cunt pulled on his empty prick, revitalizing the cockmeat. His prick had started to soften, but now it got rock hard again. Molly grinned happily when she felt that hardening and swelling take place inside her pussy.

Larry was undecided.

This girl was a lovely fuck, but he still had luscious Laura waiting in his bed and he felt obligated to save at least one load of jism for that patient beauty. What a problem it was. What a terrible choice for a man to find himself confronted by. Still, a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush—and Molly was squirming on his prick. How could he refuse to give her another fuck?

Suddenly, limber and long-limbed Molly threw one leg up and spun around. Without removing her



cunt from his prick, she performed a half rotation so that her back was to him while they were still coupled. She leaned over the desk, supporting herself on her hands.

“Do it from the back now,” she whispered.

A change was as good as a rest, and Larry’s formidable prick meat began to pulse and pound before he even took a fuck-stroke.

Molly’s round ass rolled so vigorously that it seemed to be spinning like a ball. She was turning her pussy around on his prick. Larry gripped her firmly by the hips, as if her hipbones were handles, and began to churn his cock meat up into her cunt. His balls slapped against her crotch as he buried his cock and his ass corkscrewed wildly as he fed the prick to her with long, twisting fuck-strokes. Her crotch was angled up so that the full length of his long, broad fucker was rubbing across her clit as it went in and out. Molly was already creaming again. Her flowing cunt was spreading a pool of pussy nectar out on the surface of the desk. The hot stuff dripped over the rim and splashed on the carpet.

“More! More! More!” she kept crying.

Larry began to wonder if this had been such a good idea. They might never again get much work done in his office, if this was a sample of his secretary’s insatiability.

Then he grimaced with the thrill and knew it had, indeed, been a good idea, for her sweet pussy was pulling another load of lava out of his cock and balls. He fucked in, hosing her cunt with spurt after spurt of hot, thick cum.

Drained again, he slumped behind her.

“More!” Molly screamed...

An hour later, Larry was in no fit state to return to patient Laura. He felt as if his cock had been filed and rasped in Molly’s grind-stone of a cunt. His balls had collapsed as if they had been deflated via the valve of his cock, and his cock was hanging down like a wilted flower.

He sat in his leather chair.

He had staggered to the chair some time before, with his legs too weak to support him and seeking only rest, but Molly had crawled onto his lap, as if to take dictation, and slipped his weary cock up her pussy for yet another fuck.

Molly was sitting on the floor, cross-legged and still naked but for her garter belt and stockings. She was smiling hopefully at her boss, waiting for him to rise once more to the occasion.

While she waited, just to pass the time, she was giving herself a prolonged fucking with the rubber prick.

Even that sight was not enough to turn Larry on now, so spent was his cock.

He didn’t dare go home, however.

What would Laura, that kind and generous cock-sucker, think if he were to return with a useless prick? He would be better off not to show up at all than to come with his cock in this woeful state and his balls devoid of a single drop of jism. Larry felt really rotten about it. Laura had been so nice to give him a blow-job and demand no immediate return that it made Larry feel like a real swine to

have exhausted all his vitality on another woman.

He knew that Laura would be most disappointed.

Even now, he thought, she must be wondering where in hell I am—with her sweet cunt simmering for me.

It was natural for him to think that.

What else would Larry have thought.

There was no other man in his apartment to do the job for him and Laura must be waiting, he assumed.

He was half right.

Laura was waiting—but not for him.

Naughty Laura was waiting for Larry's Great Dane to relax enough so that she could get that massive dog-cock out of her asshole...

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CHAPTER TEN

Laura was not the first woman that Larry Miller had met in the park. He had been quite lucky in making pick-ups there. Usually they were single girls from the office buildings nearby, but occasionally he met a married woman who didn't object to cuckolding her husband. That situation was most agreeable to Larry. It allowed him to get an experienced piece of ass without any further obligations. Larry had no intention of getting married while he was having so much fun single, and a married woman could scarcely expect him to propose to her. He had also discovered that married women, cheating, were better fucks than single girls.

One of the married women that he had met in the park was Angela Trammel.

Angela was one of the better fucks Larry knew.

She was an animal lover, too.

Of course, Larry had no idea what form of love Laura had for dogs, and Angela—well, he knew that she rode horses.

She had never told him the rest of it.

Angela Trammel was thirty-five years old and looked younger. She had been athletic all her life and tennis, riding, swimming—and fucking—had kept her body as trim as a teenager's. She had a beautiful face and wore her auburn hair short and straight so that she could tuck it under her riding cap. She had gray eyes and a wide, sensual mouth. Her torso was narrow, but swept out into a generous expanse of firm hips so that, even naked, her outline looked as if he were wearing riding pants. Her tits were pear shaped and capped with big nipples, and her legs were well muscled from long hours spent in the saddle or on a prick.

Her husband was rich.

His name was Arnold and he was older than Angela and, although he had a big prick, he no longer fucked her as often as she would have liked, which was why she cheated on him. She was discreet about her affairs.

If Arnold knew, he didn't seem to object. He was kind to Angela and gave her anything she wanted.

He had given her a horse.

In fact, feeling guilty because he wasn't horny as frequently as in his youth, Arnold had figured that having a horse to ride would occupy Angela a great deal of the time and give him a welcome respite from being nagged for a fuck.

But it hadn't worked out that way.

It worked in the reverse, actually—because Angela, like a great many women, always got randy as hell when she was riding a horse.

Sometimes she rode bareback.

That made her horniest of all.

She had been riding bareback in the park on the day that she met Larry Miller, in fact, which was the main reason why they had become lovers. The affair was occasional but enduring. Angela came to visit Larry once a week or so, at no set time and by no prior arrangement, simply dropping by whenever she felt like getting fucked. Larry was always pleased to see her, because she really was a splendid fuck.

She liked to get on top, most of the time. Angela was a rider, no doubt of that.

* * * *

Being rich, the Trammels had no need to rise early and so they were still in bed this morning, while Larry was fucking his secretary and Laura was doing all sorts of naughty things with his dog. Angela was awake. Arnold was still asleep. She suspected he was pretending to be asleep so that she wouldn't start begging for prick.

Angela was trying to decide if she would go horseback riding today.

She kept her horse—a fine young stallion—stabled on their own private grounds, adjacent to the park, so no arrangements were necessary. She could simply saddle the horse—or not saddle it, as she chose—walk it across the road and enter the bridle paths.

There were other conveniences about having the horse in the privacy of their own stables, as well—but, as was the case with her human lovers, Angela was discreet about that.

But today she was having a hard time making her mind up—because she was already horny.

She had awakened with her cunt simmering. Angela knew that if she was hot when she started to ride, she would become unbearably so once she was mounted, with that thousand pounds of hard-muscled, male animal moving between her thighs. It was going to get most uncomfortable. She often had orgasms while she was riding, but they were never really satisfactory when she was truly randy. Coming on horseback was a pleasant surprise, almost a bonus, when it was unexpected, but it was

not enough of a thrill when she was hot to begin with.

Well, she could always ride over to Larry's and get fucked.

But would he be home? She knew that he was of the working classes—a professional man, but still not a man of leisure—and it would be terrible if she got to his apartment with her cunt all creamy and hot and found that he was not at home.

No, she had to come before she went riding.

She glanced across at her husband. She considered finger-fucking herself.

But a hand-job was much the same as an unexpected come on a saddle—nice, but not enough. When Angela came, she liked to come with her cunt full of hard prick.

There was no choice but to awaken Arnold, she decided. Like it or not, he had a job to do.

She sat up and drew the covers down.

Arnold was naked, a broad and brawny man, well preserved, covered with dark, matted hair and, for a rich man, quite muscular.

Had he screwed his eyes tightly shut when he felt her pulling the covers down past his loins?

Well, the bastard wasn't going to get out of it that easy. Angela didn't give a damn if he was asleep or awake—as long as he had a serviceable hard-on and a load of cum for her.

His cock wasn't hard now.

It was one of those pricks that retracted to a mere nubbin when soft, but extended to surprising proportions once it got hard. Now it was drawn into his body, no more than a couple of inches long, the head just peeking out from the foreskin like a pink rodent from a hole. Although shortened, his cock was still thick, however, and his hairy balls were enormous.

When was the last time they had fucked? It must be at least a week. That pleased her. Unless he had been beating his meat or had a mistress—both of which she doubted, since he showed so little interest in sex—then those big balls must have a huge load of spunk stored up.

Angela liked spunk. It felt so nice when it spurted into her pussy.

But she had to get his cock hard first.

She began to rub his balls. They were nice and firm, the hard balls jiggling under the loose skin of the hairy sac. She flicked her fingertip back and forth at the sensitive point where his cockhead flared out from his cockshaft and felt an encouraging twitch. She smiled in anticipation, realizing that her task was not going to prove difficult. Leaning over him, she gently drew the foreskin back, revealing his cockhead. That big slab of dark prickmeat had started to harden but his cock was still too short to jerk off. She took the cockrod between her thumb and forefinger and began to stroke it up and down. She felt his cock start to tense.

She pulled, stretching his prick like elastic. It tensed more and she felt a definite throbbing through the length of the cockshaft.

The prick-knob began to flare out widely.

Angela was definitely getting results now. She started jacking him off with two fingers and then, as his cock extended, folded her fist around it and pumped slowly and steadily.

The cockrod was still soft but much longer and it was getting harder all the time. The prick head was swelling. It looked like polished rubber. She thought that his cock looked tasty and she bent over and began to lick the tip.

As soon as her hot, nimble tongue started flitting over his cockmeat, Arnold's prick snapped into a lovely hard-on and his balls started to expand with a cum-load. He groaned with pleasure, although he still seemed to be asleep. Maybe, she suspected, he was afraid to wake up because he thought he was having a wet dream and didn't want it to end.

Angela sat back and looked at the results of her efforts.

Her husband's cock was a good eight inches long and it was extremely broad. Angela had had longer cocks but she had never had one as thick-not, anyhow, of the human variety. The cock-knob was shaped like a meaty mushroom, flaring out sharply from the fat rod, the cleft gaping. A dark vein, thick as her little finger, pulsed up the underside of the stalk of his prick and merged out into the sensitive delta of his cock-knob.

She bent down again, licked, and then slurped his prickhead into her mouth and started sucking hungrily on it.

Arnold moaned and began to thrash about.

He'd like to shoot his cum in my mouth, she thought.

In fact, she would have welcomed a load of hot spunk in her mouth. She was tempted to finish the job that way, frigging and sucking and swallowing his cum.

But that would defeat her purposes.

Angela often sucked Arnold's prick to get it hard, but cum-drinking was a pleasure that she had had to forego for the last few years. When Arnold was younger and more potent, in the days of their courtship and early marriage, Angela had loved to suck him off, drink his jism and keep sucking until he got hard again and then get her pussy fucked.

That was no longer possible. Arnold was no longer good for more than one cum-load at a time, and if she took it in the mouth there would not be any hard prick left for her burning cunt.

Angela had not sucked her husband off for ages.

She had only sucked Larry Miller off a couple of times, in fact.

But despite that, Angela was not deprived of jism to drink.

She got plenty of that sweet stuff out of a prick that was too big to fit in her cunt.

Angela often sucked off her horse... naughty Angela!

But now she had a mouthful of human prick and she was savoring it, sucking slowly, her cheeks hollowing in, while her hot tongue laved all over the bloated wedge of hard cockmeat.

She sucked as long as she dared and then, reluctantly, pulled her lips off his saliva-polished

cockhead. Now his cock was standing in a tower of vibrant flesh.

She gazed wistfully at his hard-on.

That aborted blow-job had made the woman really hungry for cockmeat and cum. Her taste buds were tingling and her tongue felt as hot as her clit. But she didn't dare suck any longer, for fear that he would blow his wad and his prick would collapse.

Then she brightened with a happy thought.

She could blow her stallion before she went for a ride!

And with that lovely prospect in mind, Angela went enthusiastically about fucking Arnold.

She threw a leg across and straddled him, her ass over his thighs and his big prick jutting up in front of her crotch, rather as if it were the horn of a saddle. She squirmed, working her crotch against the meaty prick but not taking it into her pussy yet. Her trim ass shifted about as she sought her seat on this mount.

Arnold continued to slumber although he was breathing a bit harder than was normal for a man at rest. His broad, hairy torso heaved up and down under Angela and his prick had started to pulse and throb of its own accord, the cock-knob spreading out like the head of a hooded cobra.

Angela gazed lustfully at her husband's prick as it came up like a lever across the fulcrum of her groin. Her cunt lips were pulling as they plastered themselves against the underside of the broad, dark-veined cockshaft, as if she were trying to suck his cock into her cunt sideways. Then she tightened her muscular thighs and rose up as if she were posting at a trot. His cockhead slipped into her foaming pussy gash.

Arnold grunted and his eyelids fluttered.

Angela gave a little sigh of pleasure as she felt the big wedge of prickmeat nuzzle her slot.

She held steady for a moment, braced on taut thighs, her ass hovering above the carnal saddle and only the head of his prick stuck up her creamy pussy. Her cunt lips sucked on it and her tingling clit exploded at the contact with his cock-knob.

His eyes opened and he grinned up at the woman who was mounted on his prick. His balls were swelling under her ass and her juicy tits hung over him like ripe fruit. He reached up and cupped the pear-shaped tits, one in each hand, and began to massage the tit mounds and pull at the stiff tips.

Angela, who liked to have her tits played with, threw her head back as she purred with pleasure.

Then she began to ride his prick.

She lowered her crotch slowly down the fat stalk until his cock was buried up her pussy and her cunt lips were plastered to his belly like a rubber suction cup on a wall. Her muscular legs tensed and she rose up, slowly drawing away until only his prick-knob remained in her cunt. Then she sank down again. Her cunt juice was soaking his belly and balls as it poured out, pumped from her pussy by the tight-fitting plunger of his prick. She was fucking him slowly and steadily, not wanting it to end too soon, knowing that Arnold was only good for a single ejaculation and wanting to eke out every instant of pleasure that she could before the creamy conclusion ended the fucking.

Her lean belly burned and her firm ass gyrated and her thighs were pumping like pistons. Arnold had begun to move under her now, lurching up from the bed and fucking into her as her cunt descended. His hands slipped down from her tits and cupped her ass, lifting, as he ground his cockmeat in to the balls.

Angela started fucking faster as the thrill came racing across her hot belly and up her thighs. The pace shifted from a trot to a canter, then to a fair gallop. She was bucking in a wild steeplechase of fucking now, slamming her cunt down furiously, stuffing herself chock-a-block full of big prick.

She reached down under her ass and got a handful of hairy balls, thrilled to find them expanded like balloons and eager for them to empty that thick cum-load into her cunt.

Her clit went off like a stick of dynamite.

Moaning and wailing, she rocked back and forth and fucked up and down. She wished that she were wearing her riding boots-with spurs-and carrying her riding crop. She would have liked to spur and whip Arnold, gently, as they neared the end of this ride.

Arnold gasped and his big hands clamped tightly on the cheeks of her ass as his loins surged upward.

Angela felt his jism hose her pussy.

Gurgling with joy, she pumped away and her pussy melted on his cum-spurting cock, the hot cunt juices flowing out and mingling with his jism as he continued to flood her pussy with his cum.

Then he was drained.

He slumped and sagged under her, his whole big body seeming to diminish as if deflated by his ejaculation.

Angela continued to grind away, dragging out her own lovely climax to the juicy dregs and working off every spark of the sensation on his upright prick.

His cock began to soften and shrink.

Angela hated to feel his cock diminish, for she would have welcomed another fucking before she dismounted. She sighed, knowing that it was not to be. She still had his balls in her hand and she could feel the hairy bag shrivel and retract back into his loins now that it was emptied. After a moment, she pulled her pussy off his prick.

Cum and cunt juice poured from her pussy.

Arnold's cock swayed back and forth for a moment, like a wilted flower in a breeze, then it sank down in a meaty but soft coil. His prick was lathered with fuck juice, frothy and creamy. Angela, still hungry for a mouthful, bent down over his loins and began to lap his cock with her tongue, slurping their slime up from his cock and balls and swallowing the stuff greedily. She kept licking, then sucked his limp prick into her mouth and worked on it, hoping to arouse him again.

Arnold looked sheepish.

His prick, despite her oral attentions, was spent.

After a while Angela pulled away. His cock popped from her lips like a cork from a bottle, the cock-

knob polished to a luster now.

"I want to blow you, darling," she whispered. With her cunt satisfied, she wanted some cum for her mouth more than ever, since she was a girl who got horny at both ends alternately. She gave him a pleading look. "Can't you get your cock hard again? I'm so hungry for your hot cum."

Arnold shook his head sadly.

"Sorry, honey," he said. "I'm just a one shot guy."

He was sorry, too, for he dearly loved to come in his wife's talented mouth, but there was nothing he could do about it now.

And Angela was sorry, because she wanted to blow him. But not too sorry.

One prick's loss is another prick's gain, she thought.

Angela's stallion was going to get lucky...

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## **CHAPTER ELEVEN**

When Angela had first bought a horse, she had been advised to have a mare or a gelding, both of which made gentler riding hacks. But Angela was a superb horsewoman, perfectly capable of handling a stallion and, from the very start, she had had her reasons for wanting a male animal with his balls intact.

Angela had always been kinky for animals. When she was still a child she had trained her pet dog to lap her cunt. At first she rewarded the animal, a Dalmatian with a big prick, by jerking him off after he had tongued her pussy. But one day she had gotten carried away and, out of both curiosity and passion, had taken the dog's cock into her mouth for a taste. The moment she started to suck on the meaty mouthful, she had been hooked on dogcock.

She let the dog come in her mouth.

A week later she guided the Dalmatian's prick into her cunt and lost her cherry on that thundering dog-cock-and adored it.

After that, she sucked and fucked steadily with the Dalmatian and, later, with an Alsatian belonging to the next-door neighbors. She loved fucking with dogs so much that she was twenty-one years old before she got fucked by a man.

She loved men, too, she soon discovered.

Still, the horny girl had always had the most delicious fantasies about getting fucked by a horse.

She knew it wasn't possible, that a horse's prick was far too big for a human pussy, but her fantasies were wonderful, nevertheless. And if a stallion's giant prick would not fit up her cunt, there were other ways that it could be enjoyed.

But she never got the chance.

She got married and for a while did no animal-fucking at all. But then Arnold started to lose his



potency and bought Angela a horse and, of course, she had insisted on a stallion.

For a month she had ridden the animal and done nothing else.

But she thought about doing those other things.

And one day she had a few drinks to fortify herself and to calm her inhibitions and went out to the private stables and jacked the big, handsome animal off, letting his jism spurt on her bare tits.

She had loved it.

Needless to say, so had the horse.

Arnold got more impotent—the horse got more potent.

It was, Angela reasoned, not her fault. If Arnold could give her enough cock, she would not be called upon to find it elsewhere. She had actually convinced herself that, and gave her husband every opportunity to rise to the occasion before she left for the stables and, subsequently, Larry Miller's apartment.

She got dressed in the bedroom, letting Arnold watch her in the hope that this striptease in reverse might inspire him. She squirmed into bikini panties, turning, presenting her nakedness to him from all angles. He watched with interest but his prick stayed down. She sat on the edge of the bed to pull her riding pants on, naked to the waist, plump tits bobbing enticingly. She pulled her boots on.

It did no good.

She sighed and finished dressing quickly, in shirt and riding jacket. She kissed Arnold and told him she would be back in a couple of hours.

He nodded, looking somewhat embarrassed at his failure to satisfy her. He figured that it had been a good idea to buy her a horse, to give her some physical activity by which to sublimate her sexual urges. Little did he know...

Angela headed for the stables at the back.

As she walked she switched her riding crop against her thigh and there was a bright gleam of unholy anticipation in her eyes.

She entered the dark interior.

The stallion threw his noble head up in his stall and neighed softly. His eyes, too, gleamed.

He was a handsome animal, a palomino with a golden mane and a proud and arrogant bearing. He was powerfully built and comfortably gaited. He pawed at the floor as Angela moved down toward his stall.

She felt a wave of heat waft over her as she approached the potent beast, as if her lust were caused externally, springing from the loins of the stallion. She paused, looking over the door of the stall.

The horse did not know what to expect. Sometimes she rode him before she pleased him. Sometimes she rode him without pleasuring him. The animal could not figure out what motivated a human and could only hope. He always felt a lot more comfortable, hacking around the bridle paths, if his balls had been emptied first. The way she was looking at him seemed promising.

His huge prick began to swell.

Angela gave a little gasp of delight when she saw that horse-cock start to harden and grow. It thrilled her to realize that she could make the animal horny without even touching him, that the powerful brute was inspired by her mere presence. She gazed at his gigantic cock in profile. It was coming up and out like a totem pole, a living symbol of lust. The dark-fleshed, smooth massive cockhead came squeezing slowly out from the sheath. The horse's prick was pulsing as it grew fatter and longer and his big balls were starting to expand with a heavy load of jism.

She unlatched the gate and stepped into the stall.

She didn't bother to close the door behind her. She knew that the horse was not going to go anywhere for a while.

She stroked his powerful neck and rubbed his mighty flank and then, with a little sigh, she knelt down in the straw beside him.

The stallion whinnied and tossed his golden-maned head. His long, flowing tail began to switch. Angela reached under his body with both hands, rather as if he were a cow she was going to milk. She cupped his swollen balls in one hand, palm upwards, lifting a bit as if she were estimating the weight of the cum-load that they contained. Her other hand began to rub up and down his cock. She loved to feel his cock pulse and throb in her grip.

Sometimes she was satisfied simply to give the animal a hand-job. It was thrilling to feel his prick shudder and to see his thick jism spurt out.

But today she wanted more than that. She had become cum-starved while sucking on Arnold's cock and, getting no drink from him, was determined to swallow horse-cum.

She massaged his cock and balls until his prick was rock hard.

Then it was time to change positions.

Usually when she did this, Angela simply sat under the horse, jacking his prick with both hands while she tongued the huge cockhead and, when he shot his load, opened her mouth wide to receive it. She had tried to get his cockhead into her mouth, but it was too big and even with her lips stretched and her jaw forced wide open, she could only suck on the tip of the colossal horse-prick. That was, she figured, one advantage of a dog. A girl could suck a dog off just as she did a man-and fuck him, too, of course-but those advantages were offset by the fact that a horse poured out so much more jism from those tremendous balls. Just being under such a potent sexual symbol was a thrill. But today, being particularly randy, Angela decided that she would take her clothing off and cavort around with the beast for a while, enjoying some equine foreplay before she got around to jacking him off.

Sitting beside him in the straw, she removed her boots and then tugged her riding breeches down. Getting dressed in front of her husband had done no good, but getting undressed next to the horse was making the woman really horny. She removed her jacket and shirt.

Naked, she crawled under the big animal and began to squirm against his giant prick. She rubbed his big, dark, rubbery cockhead against her tits and her belly. Arching her back, she clamped her smooth thighs around his cockshaft so that she was riding his prick. The mighty fuck tool was firm enough to support her slender body and Angela, in a rapture of desire, clung to the horse-cock with arms and legs, her body pumping just as if that cock were actually in her cunt, fucking her.

His cockhead surged up and down against her belly and tits.

She felt horse-cum drip on her naked tits. Lowering her feet to the floor now, Angela bridged her lithe body and placed her mouth against the head of the stallion's prick. Her lips were open wide. Her tongue swept and laved all over the smoldering cockmeat and she tongue-fucked up the big, parted cleft of the cock-knob for a moment. Then she began frigging the stallion with a double-handed stroke. His prick was so huge that she could not span it in her hands, but she pulled steadily, causing the cock-knob to flare and throb.

A creamy jet of horse-jizz hit her tongue.

The greedy cum lover gulped the animal's cum down and it made her hungry for more. She began sucking and tonguing desperately while both hands flew up and down his stalk. Her back arched. His cockhead was like a meaty chalice which she was holding with both hands, about to drain. She whimpered with hunger as she mouthed that carnal goblet.

Then the horse shot his wad.

Thicker than human cum, and far more abundant, the stuff spurted out with such force that Angela's head was tilted back on the geyser. Cum hit the back of her throat and poured down her gullet. She swallowed horsecum as fast as she could and kept pumping more out of the brute. The horse was humping now, his powerful hindquarters fucking his prick through her hands and into her face as geyser after geyser of jism gushed out.

The horse snorted and neighed.

Angela squealed and swallowed.

With lips and tongue and both hands, the greedy girl milked the stallion to the dregs.

Cum had overflowed her mouth for, hungry as she was for the sweet stuff, there was too much to swallow. She was coated with foaming horse-jizz from face to groin, awash with the stallion's spunk. She kept pumping until she was sure that no more cum remained in his cock and balls. Then she lapped his rubbery prick-knob until it sparkled and, gathering cum up from her belly and tits with both hands, lapped the warm horse-cum from her palms.

The horse sidestepped nervously.

With his balls empty now, he gave the woman a puzzled look.

No filly or mare that he had ever known drank cum.

Full of hot animal-spunk and feeling deliciously depraved, Angela lay on the floor of the stall, a dreamy expression on her face, her lips smeared with the beast's cum, her pussy dripping into the straw under her ass. Her hands moved over her belly and tits, rubbing the lather of the horse's jism into her flesh like a fine lotion. A hand dipped between her legs and her pussy sparked as if charged with an electric current. Now that Angela was satisfied at the mouth, she had once again become desperately randy at the cunt, her needs reversing themselves.

She gave her pussy a loving caress. But she didn't want to finger-fuck herself. Oh, how she wished that the horse's mighty prick could fit up her cunt! She eyed the great prick, tempted to try-but afraid the horse-cock would rip her cunt apart.

No, she needed a smaller cock-but not too small.

A cock like Larry Miller's cock.

After a while she mopped up the surplus jism with a handful of straw and got dressed again. She saddled the stallion. She led him from the stables and mounted lithely, to ride through the park to Larry's apartment building. She hoped that Larry was home because her pussy was blazing hot as it rubbed in the saddle. She felt as if smoke must be drifting up from between her legs as she rode.

Larry, of course, wasn't home that morning.

But Laura was still there...

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CHAPTER TWELVE

Laura had finally managed to get her ass free from the Great Dane's prick, much to her relief. The giant dog had relaxed at last and, holding him by the balls and crawling away from him, she had inched his long cock out of her asshole.

How embarrassing it would have been, had Larry returned and found her in that compromising position! It would have been bad enough if he had caught her fucking his dog, or sucking the dog's cock, but letting the brute fuck her ass-well, Larry might have deemed that depraved. Laura figured it was sort of depraved, herself-but fun.

Thor half turned away once his cock slipped free.

His big prick dropped under his belly, the cockhead still bared and the tip dripping cum onto the carpet. But it was the residue of his last orgasm that was oozing out now. His balls, for the moment, were drained.

Laura felt quite satisfied, herself.

She wondered if she should wait for Larry, or simply get dressed and leave. She was glad that he had not returned soon enough to find her stuck to the Great Dane's cock, but now that she was free she wondered what was holding the man up. It was annoying. Didn't he want to fuck her enough to hasten back, as he had promised? Trying to decide if she should return to the bed and wait, or get her clothing on and go, Laura was still kneeling naked on the floor when the door opened...

Angela had a key to Larry's apartment, a mutual convenience for both of them, since her visits were usually on the spur of the moment and he might be out for only a short while. In fact, that had never happened. If it had, and the dog had been home alone, Angela might have fucked the big brute, too. She had certainly thought about it from time to time, with her animal inclinations. The Great Dane's prick looked very attractive to her.

Today, she had left her horse hitched at the coffee bar in the park and come across the road on foot, her pussy nice and hot and wet, squishing as she walked and dampening the crotch of her riding pants.

She opened the front door of Larry's apartment and walked in. She stopped dead in surprise at the sight that greeted her eyes...

Laura looked up, startled.

Angela gaped down at the woman as she knelt on the floor, her ass thrust up and her crotch all creamy.

Both women blushed daintily.

"Who are you?" asked Angela.

"Well-who are you?" Laura countered.

Angela was slapping her riding crop against her thigh. Laura flinched, realizing that her bare ass was in the perfect position to receive a lash of that whip. But Angela was doing it merely from habit. She hadn't thought of whipping Laura-not yet, anyway.

"I'm a-a friend of Larry's," Angela said.

"So am I," said Laura.

"Obviously-being naked in his apartment." Angela's tone was chilly.

She wasn't jealous or angry, for she knew that she had no claims on Larry. They were only casual lovers and she had no reason to object to the man fucking other women. But although not jealous, she was envious. This good-looking blonde had obviously just had a good fucking, and there might be nothing left for her!

But where was Larry?

Angela's eyes flickered around the room.

Laura understood why Angela was looking around.

"He's not here, at the moment," she said.

"Oh?" Angela was puzzled.

She stared at Laura's pussy, which obviously had been filled with cum quite recently. She saw spunk trickling from the kneeling woman's asshole, as well, and she saw a glistening smear of the stuff on her lips. Angela's tongue flicked out, as if envious of the other girl's mouth for having evidently been shot into.

The whip slapped against her thigh.

Then she noticed Thor, with his dripping prick!

"Good Lord-you've been fucking the dog!" she gasped.

Laura turned bright red-red as the head of the dog's cock.

But she realized that she had been found out and that any denial would be futile.

She said: "I-I got carried away, I'm afraid. I do hope that you won't tell Larry?"

Even as she was speaking, Laura saw that the newcomer did not seem disgusted, or even really

shocked by her discovery.

Then Angela grinned.

"To tell you the truth," said Angela. "I've often thought about screwing Thor, myself."

"Really?" Laura said, happy to have met a kindred spirit. It saved a lot of embarrassment.

"It seems like you've drained him, for now, you greedy girl-there's nothing left for me."

"If I'd known you were coming, I'd have saved some," said Laura. "I had no idea that another dog lover might show up."

The two naughty girls looked at each other, smiling, sharing the knowledge of their mutual inclinations.

Then Angela said: "But when will Larry be back? I really do need some fucking-man or beast."

"I'm not sure."

"Damn!" Angela said, and she snapped the whip against her thigh with a crack. Since she had found this other woman in such a compromising position, she had no qualms at all about revealing her own habits. In fact, the idea was quite thrilling and she felt glad that she had met another animal fancier. She gave Laura a wry smile. "You see, I just sucked off my horse, and it's made me awfully horny."

"Your horse!" cried Laura.

"Yes-a stallion. He has a lovely prick, but obviously it's too big to fuck me."

Laura had always thought of herself, with her dog-fucking inclinations, as being just about as depraved as a girl could get. Hearing that this woman sucked horse's cocks thrilled her to the marrow of her bones. The very thought of sucking horse-cock was making her randy again.

But Thor was finished and Larry wasn't home.

Laura gasped with a sudden thought.

She gave Angela a speculative look.

"I-I could help you out, maybe," she said.

"Oh?" Angela said, raising her eyebrows.

"If you like your cunt sucked," said Laura.

"What? Do you suck women, too?" Angela asked, surprised.

Angela had always assumed that lesbianism and bestiality were separate kinks and that a girl who had the taste for one would not be interested in the other. But although she was surprised, she was not shocked and she was certainly not uninterested. Angela had never had a woman eat her pussy out-but the idea was not unattractive, especially at the moment when her pussy was smoldering for a climax.

Laura, looking rather shy, said: "Sometimes I eat pussy."

"I've never had a woman lick me," Angela said.

"I think you'd like it," said Laura, who was getting enthusiastic about the idea.

Laura had not gobbled a pussy in years now, not since that night when she'd gotten tipsy and sucked her roommate off. Just as she had avoided dog-prick, so had she avoided cunt during the intervening years. But now Laura's mouth was starting to water for this sexy woman in her fancy pants and riding boots.

"I'll do a good job on you, if you want me to," Laura said hopefully.

"Why, we haven't even been introduced."

"I'm Laura."

"And I'm Angela."

And then, with the formalities taken care of, Angela began to take her pants off.

Angela had to remove her polished riding boots in order to get her riding pants off, but as soon as she had wriggled out of the pants and panties, she put the boots back on. Laura, watching with her mouth watering, thought it would be very exciting to gobble a girl wearing boots. Angela stood up again and began unbuttoning her blouse.

Her tits are nice, Laura thought. If I were a lesbian, I'd probably like to spend a lot of time working on those nice tits. But, not being a lesbian, Laura was far more interested in getting right down to work on her cunt. She had never forgotten that subtle distinction that she had learned years before, with Wanda—the difference between being a dyke and a cunt-sucker.

Wearing only her boots and riding hat, Angela stood with her legs apart, the whip in one hand, staring down at Laura. Laura stared back, looking right up between the horsewoman's legs and seeing, to her delight, that her pussy was soaking wet and wide open and that her clit was as stiff as a bullet. Laura crawled towards her, licking her lips. Angela trembled, her whole lean, lithe, athletic body quivering with expectation. Even before she had experienced it, Angela knew that she was going to love having a woman suck her cunt. Both girls were happy that Larry had not come home. Cocks were a dime a dozen. A girl needed some tongue once in a while.

Laura crawled up to Angela's booted legs and began kissing the sleek flesh of her thighs. Angela changed her stance, moving her legs wider apart. Laura began running her nimble tongue up the woman's legs, from the tops of her boots almost to her crotch, but not yet making contact with that creamy cunt. She slurped up with long, wet tongue-strokes. She licked at the crease where Angela's legs joined with her torso, then switched over and tongued the other side, bypassing the cunt slot in between. Rising higher, she started kissing Angela's flat, hard-muscled belly. Angela was moaning now. She placed one hand on Laura's head, pushing gently, not forcing, but urging. Laura loved that. It was nice to know that the woman wanted her pussy sucked.

Laura ran her tongue up Angela's soaking cunt slot.

"Oh!" Angela cried, startled by the extent of the sensation. "Ooooooh!"

Using only her tongue, Laura slurped lovingly up the length of Angela's cunt slit, tonguing her pussy from end to end. Cunt juice poured onto Laura's tingling taste buds and bubbled on her lips. She cupped Angela's firm ass with both hands and tilted her head back as she prepared to start sucking

in earnest.

Angela pushed her belly out, jamming her hairy crotch over Laura's eager, upturned face, as if she were overturning a bowl of hot cream and pouring the contents into the blonde's hungry mouth.

Laura ran her tongue along Angela's cunt lips, tracing the unfurled folds up to the throbbing clit and then working on that with fluttering slurps. Angela flicked her riding crop against Laura's ass, gently. The little tingle of sensation excited Laura. Although she could hardly have been more willing to suck that delicious pussy, the whip made it seem as if she were being forced to, giving a command performance, and that added another dimension to the pleasure.

Laura opened her mouth wide and plastered her lips over Angela's steaming pussy, ready to suck her dry.

"Oh! Let me sit on your face!" Angela cried. "Let me ride you while I cream!"

Laura gave her cunt a loving suck, then drew away and lay back on the floor, face upwards. Angela stepped across her body, then squatted over her face. Her crotch hovered inches above Laura's mouth, and Laura was licking merrily away even before she had made contact. Her head was tipped back like a baby bird waiting to be fed. Angela's legs rippled with muscle and she lowered her foaming pussy onto Laura's tongue and lips. Laura started tonguing and sucking and Angela began riding her as if her face were a saddle. Her steaming cunt was washing Laura's face with ribbons of cunt juice.

"Come," Laura purred. "Come for me, Angela! Oh, cream in my mouth, let me drink your cunt juice!"

"Yes-yes-" Angela wailed.

Her pussy melted and Laura's greedy maw filled up with the hot pussy nectar that gushed out. She gulped it down and sucked for more. Her tongue flashed up Angela's fuck hole, gathering up the cunt juice even before it had come bubbling from the hot fountain.

Angela moaned, then wailed like a banshee. She ground her cunt around on Laura's face, riding her climax to the ultimate peak of pleasure. Her hips pistoned from side to side, her belly churned, her ass heaved up and down. She threw her head back and her hat fell off. The whip dropped from her hand. She was tossed about on Laura's face.

Drained at last, Angela crawled off Laura's face.

Laura lay back, smiling contentedly, her whole face coated with cunt juice and her tongue still lazily flicking.

Thor looked on with fascination. The big dog had been a keen observer of the whole thing and it never ceased to amaze him—the things that human bitches did. Thor enjoyed a lap of cunt, himself—but he was a male, so it was understandable. Although the concept of cunt-sucking confused him and he could not grasp the female psychology involved, the dog was nevertheless inspired by the sight, the sound and the scent. Whatever the two girls were doing, his senses told him it was erotic.

Thor had a brand new hard-on!

And now he had a brand new place to put it.

Angela, having crawled off Laura's face, was kneeling on all fours with her ass turned toward the Great Dane and her crotch sodden with the flood of her climax. She didn't hear the dog approach. In fact, she wasn't even thinking about the dog, at the moment. She was wondering if she ought to suck Laura's cunt. Angela was not sure of the etiquette involved, never having done it with a girl before. Was she obligated to return a favor like that, in kind? It seemed likely.

Then, too, Laura had obviously enjoyed eating her out so much that Angela had begun to wonder what wonderful treat she had been missing.

Yes, Angela figured some cunt-sucking was in order.

She started to turn and crawl back to Laura.

Then the Great Dane mounted her.

"Ooooh!" Angela squealed when she felt those powerful forelegs hook like clamps around her hips.

The big, blunt head of the dog's prick slammed into her crotch. Angela reached back between her legs and took his cock in her hand, guiding the cock-knob into her gaping fuck slot.

The moment he felt hot pussy sheathing his cock, Thor began to pound merrily away, fucking every inch of his huge prick up Angela's pussy.

Laura heard the prick meat slapping in.

She rolled over onto her belly and blinked, then grinned, when she saw what was happening. Angela's face was flushed with pleasure. The two horny animal lovers exchanged a conspiratorial glance. Angela was pleased to see that Laura was not jealous of the Great Dane, and obviously did not object to having him fuck someone else, while Laura was delighted to discover that her new friend was as avid a dog-fucker as she was, herself.

Sharing a mutual, if somewhat exotic, taste was a good way to seal a friendship. It was a bond between them.

Laura decided to join in.

She loved to suck dogs' pricks and she adored lapping pussy, and this seemed the ideal time to combine the two. She crawled over to the furiously fucking pair. Angela was fucking with as much energy as the Great Dane, her trim hips and taut ass driving wildly as she met the big animal's violent lunges and fuckthrusts.

Laura looked on for a moment. Then she turned onto her back again and began to squirm up under Angela. Angela didn't understand what the other girl wanted, for a moment. Then she got the idea and grinned with delight. She might not have fucked with a woman before, but naughty Angela knew damned well what sixty-nining was and she realized that was the position which Laura was moving toward. Angela raised up as high as she could, considering the Great Dane was pounding up her cunt, and Laura slid under her.

What a sight it was from down there!

Laura stared in fascination, watching the huge dog-prick vanish up Angela's pussy slot, then come sliding out, coated with cunt juice. Angela's cunt lips were being dragged almost inside out as the animal's cock withdrew. The dog's balls hung down in Laura's face. Laura stuck her tongue out,

lapping at the bloated balls. A thick drop of pussy juice splattered on her chin. Raising her head, Laura began licking Angela's cunt lips and clit. As the slippery head of the dog's cock came pulling out on the backstroke, she tongued that delicious cock meat as well. Then she stuck her tongue right up inside Angela's cunt, alongside the dog's fucking cock. Her lips parted and she began to suck cock and cunt together.

At the other end of this coupling, Angela was marveling at how lovely it felt to be fucked and sucked at the same time. She was also wondering what it would be like to do a bit of cunt-sucking, herself. She had never considered it before today, but now she found that, far from having any doubts or qualms or inhibitions about it, she was looking forward to her first taste of pussy. She was salivating heavily and her tongue had started to tingle. Laura's cunt was directly below her face.

The blonde's thighs were parted and her knees were lifted and her slim back was arched, so that her juicy pussy gash was presented like a feast on a hairy tray.

Angela dipped down and took a lick.

Oh! she thought. It's no wonder that Laura likes to suck cunt, if it tastes that good!

Then, falling into the rhythm, she began to slurp away, her tongue delving and wallowing about in that slippery honeypot. Her head bobbed up and down like a playful porpoise in a creamy pool. Either she had a secret talent for cunt-sucking, or else it was a knack that came naturally to any woman, because Angela had discovered with her very first lick that she was a devout pussy-lapper. She used her tongue alone, at first, then she began using her lips, as well, fitting them to Laura's open cunt slot and sucking the foaming pussy nectar out.

Laura's clit exploded against Angela's lips.

Angela whimpered with joy and drank the fuck juices and kept right on sucking for more. The woman had gone wild now as she reveled on dog-cock and tongue and wallowed in cunt, all three sensations working in unison to send her spiraling up to the highest peak of passion she had ever known.

Laura, too, was spinning at dazzling heights, pleased at both ends—and doubly so at the top, for she was having the special treat of sucking cunt and cock together. She had positioned her lips so that the dog's mighty prick was fucking right through her mouth as it went in and out of Angela's pussy. It came out lathered in cunt juice and went in coated with saliva.

And the dog, confused but very, very happy, was finding out how diverse were the talents of human bitches as he thrilled to cunt and mouth in conjunction.

His powerful hindquarters bunched with muscle and he slammed his bloated cockmeat through Laura's lips and over her flashing tongue and deeply up into Angela's smoldering fuck tunnel. His cock was so taut that it seemed to be humming. The dog-cock fucked and pounded and vibrated. Cum was dripping out into Laura's mouth and starting to soak Angela's pussy and his balls kept expanding as they prepared the full dose to follow. He whimpered and whined, he growled and rumbled in his throat, and he panted and drooled onto Angela's arched back.

The dog's prick was getting so huge now as his orgasm approached that Angela, feeling her pliable cunt spread out on the huge dog-prick began to wonder if she might not be able to take a stallion's prick up her cunt, after all. It seemed worth trying—but later.

At the moment, she needed nothing but the dog-cock and girl-tongue that were driving her mad with

animal lust, and that steaming cunt from which she was lapping up the other half of that juicy passion.

The Great Dane yelped. Then he howled. His prick fucked in and his thick cum-load hosed Angela's cunt, spurting from his cockhead in a knotted rope of spunk.

When she felt that dog-cum geyser into her fuck hole, Angela wailed with ecstasy. Her haunches churned wildly and she started to cream again. Cum and cunt juice, blended into one succulent sauce, poured from her pussy hole as the dog's prick fucked in and out and Laura eagerly lapped the fuck juices up. Her tongue traced along the unfurled lips of Angela's cunt and flicked over the swollen clit and her lips slurped the foaming juice out with joy.

As she drank the mixed fluids of that simultaneous orgasm, Laura began to cream again. Angela had gone suck crazy on her clit and was drinking Laura's cunt cream with as much enthusiasm as Laura was drinking hers—and the big dog kept pouring more of his hot cum into the hairy pussy.

At last he slowed his fucking.

Laura pulled the dog's prick out of Angela's pussy and popped it in her mouth, polishing the big, glistening cock-knob for a moment, then she clamped her lips over Angela's cunt again and finished the juicy task of draining that steaming fuck hole while, at the other end, Angela finished milking Laura's pussy off to the dregs.

Moving apart, the girls gazed at each other in wonderment.

They both realized that this had been a fortuitous meeting, indeed—and that a friendship had been forged that was going to bring both of them a lot of fun in the future.

* * * *

When he got home, weak kneed and staggering from his overindulgence with insatiable Molly, Larry had mixed feelings about finding that Laura had not waited for him. She was gone.

He was glad, in one way, because he had no energy left. His prick was soft as a noodle and not a drop of jism remained in his balls. But on the other hand he hoped that, by staying away longer than he had intended, he had not made the gorgeous blonde angry, because he hoped to see her again.

He wondered when she had left.

His faithful Great Dane was looking dolefully at him, its big, blunt muzzle resting on his forepaws. But there was no sense in asking the dog how long Laura had waited.

If dogs could talk, Larry would have been very surprised.

Thor was as exhausted as Larry. They both went to sleep.

So did Laura and Angela, eventually.

But first Angela introduced Laura to her horse. And a whole new saga began...

THE END